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UNDER TOPS'LS AND TENTS

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FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA.

THE GRIP OF HONOR.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MISSIONARY IN THE GREAT WEST.

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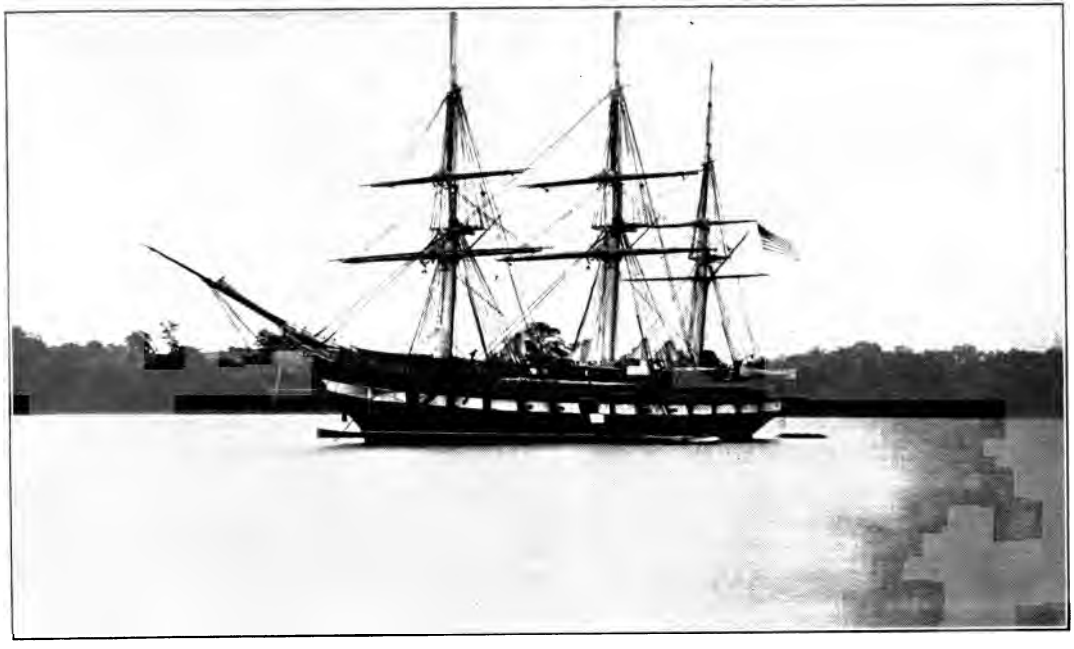

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UNDER TOPS'LS AND TENTS

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

AUTHOR OF

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TO THE GRADUATES OF THE
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
AND ESPECIALLY THOSE OF
THE CLASS OF
1883

TRANSFER FROM C. D. AUG

c ct

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

MAY the author be pardoned, since this is so personal a book, for the following brief chronology, which he trusts may better enable the reader to understand the situation:

He was born in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, December 20, 1861; *removed to Kansas when about ten years of age; was appointed to the United States Naval Academy in September,* 1879; *was graduated therefrom in June,* 1883. *Resigned from the Navy in October of the same year. Entered upon the railroad business immediately thereafter. Was ordained Deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church on February* 24, 1889; *Priest, November* 25, 1890; *Missionary in the West and Archdeacon of Kansas until* 1895; *Archdeacon of Pennsylvania until* 1899; *since then Rector of Overbrook, Philadelphia, Pa.*

In 1898 *he was appointed captain and chaplain in the First Regiment, Pennsylvania, United States Volunteers, Spanish-American War, and served till the regiment was mustered out of the United States service. He is, therefore, one of the few men in the United States who have served both in the Army and Navy, to say nothing of the Church and the Railroad. In* THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A MISSIONARY IN THE GREAT WEST *will be found some account of his experiences on the plains.*

C. T. B.

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PART ONE

WHERE ADMIRALS ARE MADE

ASHORE AND AFLOAT

WHERE ADMIRALS ARE MADE

ASHORE

CHAPTER I

YOUTHFUL PRANKS

Not a Boy by Any Means — And Yet a Boy After All. — The Unlucky Buddhist.—The "Holy Joe."—A Missionary Offering. —Obeying Orders Literally.—From the Church to the Hospital. —The Ruthless Dentist.—The "Dead Man."—"Tangle-foot" Woods. — A Happy Recognition. — "Little Sally Walker."— "Clump Block."—A Modern Pirate.—Vivid Nomenclature.— "Old Delaware" in Life.

THERE is nothing which the naval cadet so fiercely resents as being called a boy. Boy is a regular rating in the Navy, and the smallest midshipman feels insulted if that title be applied to him. He has been styled officially a young gentleman, from time immemorial. Yet in no college where the course is as severe are the students more genuine boys than the "young gentlemen" of the Naval Academy. The age limits for matriculation in my time were from fourteen to eighteen, and the majority were nearer the lower than the higher limit.

The work of the school presents a singular

mixture. At one moment a boy of sixteen may be in virtual command of a 2,000-ton ship, or he may be running a 5,000 horse-power engine. He may be drilling four hundred other students, or mixing a deadly explosive, or in charge of an eight-inch gun; by contrast, and, during the next half hour, possibly he is being inspected to see that his shoes are clean, his jacket brushed, and his face properly shaved! Or he may be reported for crossing the grass, or for smoking a cigarette, or for wearing a non-regulation collar.

On one hand he is under a tutelage longer and more severe, a discipline harder than any boy educated either at home or at any ordinary college experiences; on the other, he is thrust into the midst of blinding responsibilities and charged with the grave duty of commanding men; but he never forgets to be a boy in spite of his strenuous repudiation of the title. Indeed, when he is an old man with the four stars of a full admiral in his flag, he is a boy still. Farragut used to amuse himself on the *Hartford* and show his agility by jumping across a stick of wood which he held himself with both hands. I do not know if Dewey ever followed this healthful and harmless practice, but I venture to say he is as much a boy at heart as he ever was.

These little yarns deal more with the fun and the boyish pranks and tricks of the naval cadet than they do with the serious side of his life. Recita-

tions and drills, exercises and experiments are more or less monotonous, yet if the serious side be not emphasized, it is not because it was not there. After a lapse of twenty years the serious side still predominates and it is only by an effort of memory that I recall the other phase.

We will begin with church, for that is the very last thing the cadet thinks of. Everybody must go to church. Individual preferences, when backed by parental approbation, are considered. Since attendance at religious service is strictly compulsory, very few desire to go. One ingenuous youth, who was, fortunately for him, an orphan, proclaimed himself a Buddhist, and made the point that since there was no Buddhist temple at Annapolis, he ought not to be compelled to do violence to his religious convictions by going to an alien service! He was promptly sent to the Episcopal Church. Whether the official mind considered it the best substitute for the Buddhist or not we could not ascertain. Most of the cadets resorted to the Episcopal Chapel in the yard, as it was the nearest.

We had as chaplain—in sea parlance a "Holy Joe" or "Sky Pilot"—a man who had been old when Farragut captured Mobile Bay. Indeed I believe he had been chaplain on one of the ships there. He was doubtless a good man, but if he took any interest in the cadets it did not manifest itself in any concrete way. I never saw him in

my quarters during my whole four-year term, and he never spoke a solitary personal word to me, and I was rather a good subject for a clergyman, too. This was all wrong.

The boys there were just as amenable to the influence of a good preacher and a good man, who would take an interest in them and mingle with them, as any other set of boys; and much good might have been done among them by the right sort of a man. I am happy to say that things are different now.

McGiffin (we shall see him later) used to say there were but four Christians at the Naval Academy and they were all Japanese! But all that has been changed of late, and there are many followers of Christ among the cadets to-day.

The cadets sat in the side aisles of the chapel, leaving the centre aisles for the officers and their families. When the offering was received the two boys charged with the duty of passing the plates did not make the slightest effort to circulate them among the cadets, for we never had any money. They would walk rapidly down the side aisle and then come deliberately up the middle, gathering thence what they could. One Sunday the chaplain announced that he would preach a missionary sermon the next Sunday. It did not have the ordinary effect in emptying the church, for we were obliged to go as usual.

During the week it occurred to the bright mind

of a senior, or first-class man, who is now a prominent New York financier, that it would be well for the cadets to make an offering. So he sent out to the bank on Saturday morning and succeeded in smuggling in over three hundred copper cents which he distributed one cent per boy to the Episcopal battalion. We stationed a strong, long-armed man on the outside seat of the first pew in each aisle.

The chaplain made a piteous appeal for pennies even, and when the astonished cadets who passed the plates started on their perfunctory promenade, the strong, long-armed men aforesaid promptly relieved them of the metal plates and each one dropped in one copper cent with an ominous crash, and then deliberately handed the plate to the next boy, who did the same thing. It rained copper cents for about ten minutes. The chaplain was dreadfully disconcerted, the officers fidgeted and looked aghast—some of them laughed—and the cadets preserved a deadly solemnity. The affair was a striking success.

It is told that a large number of the cadets were negligent in following the service in the Chapel, which was after the ritual of the Episcopal Church. An incautious officer in charge on Sunday morning made the church party a little address on the subject, saying he supposed that some of them erred through ignorance, but if they would observe him carefully and do as he

did (in military parlance, follow the motions of the commanding officer) they would not go wrong.

Word was quietly passed through the battalion. They marched into the church. The officer in charge took his place in the front pew, settled himself in his seat and calmly blew his nose. Three hundred noses were simultaneously blown with a vehemence that was startling! The officer looked around and blushed violently in great surprise. Three hundred heads "followed the motions of the commanding officer." Six hundred cheeks violently endeavored to blush—a hard thing for a midshipman to do—and so on through the service.

The man could not stir without instant imitation. He finally confined himself strictly to the prescribed ritual of the service, looking neither to the right nor to the left, not daring to raise a finger or breathe out of the ordinary course. This enterprise was also a startling success.

The cadets received other instructions later in the day from a furious officer who sternly resented their innocent statements that they did not know which was ritual and which was not, and that he had not instructed them that blowing his nose stood on a different plane from saying his prayers. It was a huge joke everywhere.

From the church to the hospital is an easy transition—although I believe the usual direction

is the other way. To those who were not sick, the privileges of the sick list were inestimable —absence from drills and recitations and the blessed privilege of lying on the bed in one's room and, when the officer in charge came around inspecting and demanding in thundering tones why you did not rise and salute, of saying weakly: "On the sick list, sir."

Many and varied were the devices employed, in the language of the school, to "pull the list." It was a conflict of wits usually between the medical officers and the cadets.* Sore eyes, ear-ache or back-ache, or some similar and intangible pains were favorite dodges until the advent of a surgeon whose name was Ruth—a singular misnomer, for he entirely lacked it.

"Sore eyes, eh?" he said, "sore ear, pain in the toe, back-ache? My, my! That's bad! What a sick-looking lot of young gentlemen! But cheer up, my young friends, I'll give you something that will fix all that."

* The standard of personal honor among the cadets was, and is, very high; a cadet's word was not questioned except in the face of unsurmountable evidence. A liar would be forced to resign by his classmates and wilful deceit was frowned upon as lying. But there was one singular exception to our boyish code. It was considered entirely legitimate and proper to get on the sick list by any means short of actual falsehood. The surgeons were always fair game, and the war of wits was invariably under way between them and the cadets. I am glad to learn that things are different now.

Presently the apothecary brought each of us a brimming glass. What it was we never knew, but the consequences of that dose linger in my memory still. We were genuinely ill later on, and the next day every one of us reported "cured." The mere suggestion of the medicine which he had so cunningly compounded, for a long time eliminated similar diseases from the catalogue of ills presented at morning sick call. It was an old dodge, when given orders to take capsules, carefully to empty out the medicine and then boldly take the capsules. He made us come over and take the full capsules in his presence.

The cadets were examined physically *in puris naturalibus* for everything, even color blindness. It was very embarrassing for a modest cadet (by the way, only the fourth-class were modest) to stand *à la* Adam before a body of eminent surgeons and be required to select and match interminable little pieces of colored wool. One of the cadets on his first entrance was handed a little skein of yarn and at the same time was asked a question. He promptly replied, thinking he had been asked to give the color:

"Light green, sir."

"Well, you look like it," said the officer, amidst a gigantic laugh from the examining board. He had asked the young man for his name.

Orders would be passed from time to time to

the effect that the first half of the third-class were to "lay over" to the hospital to have their teeth examined. We had a fat little dentist, one of the best of workmen, but as ruthless as the surgeon. He was a contract doctor, and we used to say after some especially brutal pounding that if we ever caught him out in civil life we would kill him. He would shake his fat sides with merriment, and go at the next man with renewed zest. He is alive yet and flourishing, I believe.

Speaking of officers, they all had nicknames. One of them of a particularly pale complexion was known as the "dead man." He was not very promising as to looks, but no chief engineer in the Spanish-American War made so brilliant a record. Associated forever with an immortal battle-ship, it is safe to say that there is hardly a naval engineer in the world who is so thoroughly well known and esteemed as this officer.

Another officer, very bright mentally, but mild and gentle in his manners and appearance, had a habit of wrapping his legs around those of the chair on which he sat. So sinuous and tortuous was the performance that we used to say that if someone would suddenly call out "Attention!" to him, he would either break his own leg or the chair leg, for he never could disentangle himself in a reasonable time. We called him "Old Tanglefoot." The name was a good one, for he had

command of the smallest of the vessels which followed Dewey into Manila on that gray May morning; and it was the saucy *Petrel* which he took in nearest to the enemy, and which struck the final blow that crumbled the Spanish Empire in the East. He was "Tangle-foot" for the Dons, sure enough.

I was at a banquet at the Union League last spring, when just at the close of it, a quiet little man came into the room from another banquet which he had been attending. I recognized him instantly. "Why, it's Tangle-foot Wood of the *Petrel!*" I cried, as I ran to greet him. I hope he did not hear me.*

Another man who was an officer in the Academy while I was there was called "Little Sally," I presume because his last name was Walker. He was a good man but a "holy terror" in mathematics and applied science. He was a "holy terror" in gunnery and courage with the little gun-boat *Concord*, which he commanded, at Manila, too.

Another officer as high in professional attainment as he is wide in girth was called "Clump Block" from the name of a stout, fat little block used in old-time ships.

One of the French civilian professors had a very distinguished name which was shortened into "Peter," and I remember the withering look

* He died the other day of fever, due in all probability to his arduous service in tropic waters.

which was fastened upon one unlucky youth who thought to ingratiate himself by addressing this descendant of the Montmorencys as "Monsieur Pierre."

M. Pierre grew very deaf before he was retired and the irreverent cadets were wont to salute him with a cheerful "Good-morning, Peter"—under the breath, be it said. He took snuff, too, and it was a favorite dodge for a man who did not know his lesson to confiscate his snuff-box. The whole section would join in the search for it, when he missed it, and the man who restored it always received a high mark!

Another officer, from his long drooping mustaches, was called "Pirute"—being cadetese for pirate, I presume—and there is a cadet who will never forget the dressing down he got when in entire ignorance he addressed this officer as "Mr. Pirute." Another man who highly distinguished himself in the late war was traditionally called "Polly." He had a lean and hungry look, and it had occurred to generations of cadets that he must certainly want a cracker. He, too, distinguished himself at Manila. The study of Chemistry was invariably called "Skinny."

When the cadet succeeded in making a good recitation he "frapp'd" it; when he received a high mark he "knocked" it; when he studied hard he "boned"; when he knew anything he was "savvey"; those lowest in their studies were known

as the "wooden" section. Any new and handsome thing, to be coveted, was "sux," as a "sux-jacket," etc. The officer or cadet who did not have a nickname was not very much thought of at the Academy. Not to be worthy a nickname was evidence of being held in low esteem.

The lads all had nicknames. One cadet who looked like another cadet who had borne a mythical resemblance to a goat was known as "Goat." Another man whose name happened to be Alexander was called "Alice," and he was invariably referred to as "she" and "her," though one of the most manly boys in the school. Another one was christened "Tommy," because his name was George, another "Dennis" for no reason at all, unless it was that he looked like a Frenchman—from Cork!

One cadet, evidently a very mild and gentle lad, if he had followed his natural bent, was called "Alpha Tough," because he was the brightest star in the constellation of toughs! He had charge of the sections as officer-of-the-day one morning, as we were marching to recitations. As the sections came tramping down the sidewalk, Alpha noticed an old gentleman of a very distinguished appearance, standing in our way. He bawled out in the most autocratic and arrogant manner with a wave of the hand *à la* Podsnap:

"Hey, you! Get out of the way of these sections!"

"Certainly, sir," said the old man, giving him a military salute and smiling all over his face as he stepped on the grass and watched us filing by.

"Do you know who that was, Harry?" asked a cadet of the reckless youth a few moments later.

"No, and I don't care," was the lordly reply.

"Well, that was Lieutenant-General Longstreet," was the answer.

Alpha was afterward known as the only cadet who had ever ordered and been obeyed by a lieutenant-general.

I returned to the Academy as a member of the Board of Visitors a few years since. It is a delightful experience for one who has been a cadet to go back and be escorted about and entertained by the very officers who had made it interesting for him while at school. My wife and I were walking through the grounds with a certain distinguished officer on this occasion, and we stopped opposite the ancient figure-head of the United States ship-of-the-line *Delaware*, which had been removed and mounted on a pedestal in the grounds. It is a wooden image of perhaps the most preternaturally ugly Roman-nosed Indian the carver could evoke from a fertile imagination.

"Madam," asked the officer, "do you think I look like this figure-head?"

"Certainly not," replied the lady in horror.

"That is where you disagree with your husband then, because when he was a cadet he fastened that name upon me on account of a supposed likeness, and it has stuck to me ever since."

Never mind, we all loved old "Delaware" just the same.

CHAPTER II

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

Beware the Apple Sauce!—Milk for Men!—Strength in Butter.—A Lesson in Table Manners.—Hazing—Taking the Conceit Out.—A Three Horned Dilemma.—Smiling by Numbers.—Reporting his Photographs.—The Disadvantage of Eulogies.—A Recipe for Saint-hood.—The Base Uses of the *Santee*.—Battalions of One.—The Disorganizing Coin.—The Dancing Master.—The Social Circle.—A Master of the Sword.

MEALS were, of course, of the plainest and simplest, though the food was good and plentiful. We had dessert only twice a week—Wednesday dinner, six ginger-snaps apiece; Sunday dinner, two halves of a canned peach. Once in awhile we would be given a new dessert, which we were apt to fight shy of, as it was usually medicated. The medical staff would sometimes think that the battalion needed dosing in some particular, and medicine would be subtly conveyed to the whole crowd of us *via* the unsuspicious medium of apple-sauce!

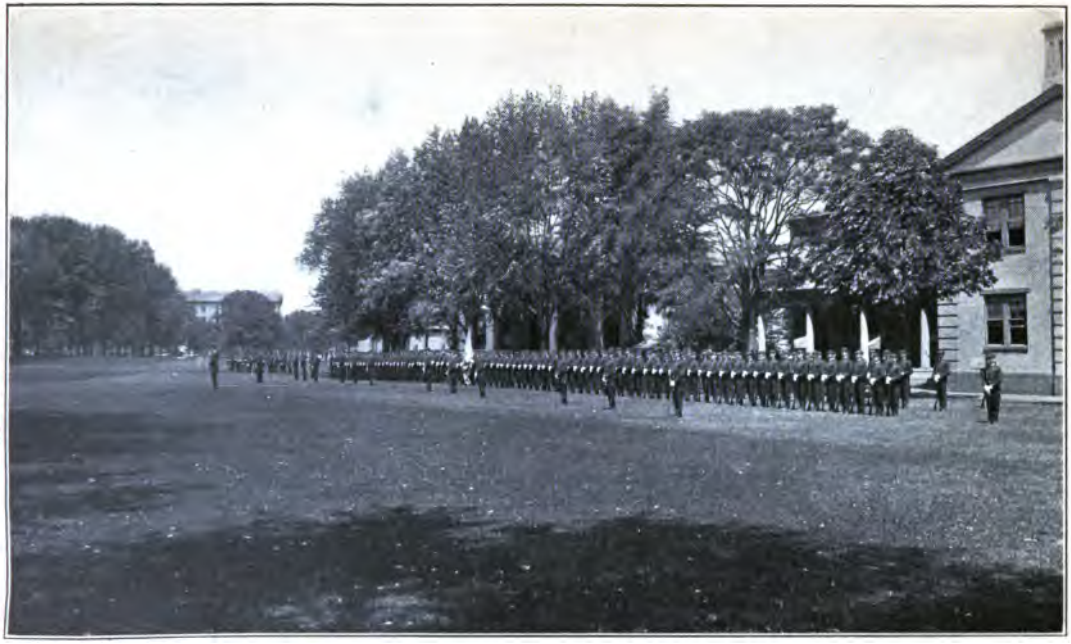
It was an invariable practice of the cadets near each other at the different tables to arrange their ginger-snaps in little piles, and spin the pepper cruet among them, the winner to take all. Every Wednesday one man out of every four would have a surfeit of ginger-snaps. I have hated them ever

since those days. Contrary to biblical rule the "plebes," babes or youngsters (*i.e.*, the fourth-class men, the newly joined), were not allowed to drink milk. That was food for the strong men of the upper classes, and the "upperer" you were the more milk you got. Meat, and the outside piece at that, very well done, was sufficient for the youngsters.

Once, while sojourning on the *Santee* with an upper classman, who has since become a distinguished officer in the regular army, we took occasion to protest against the quality of the butter which was furnished us. In order to make the protest emphatic, the aforesaid young man rose from the table carrying the pot of butter in his hand, and followed by the cadets then enjoying punishment, he walked solemnly up on deck. He deliberately laid the butter down in front of a nine-inch gun, in full view of the authorities, drew a cutlass from the bulkhead and shouted,

"Attention! Cast loose and provide! Run in! Load!" etc. The butter was certainly strong enough to manipulate the entire battery, let alone the gun! We received an added punishment for it, but better butter, which was compensation.

Sometimes we would get a youth from the back woods districts whose "manners had not that repose which stamps the cast of Vere de Vere," and



DRESS PARADE.

In front of the seamanship and gunnery buildings, with the cadet quarters in the distance.

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who would make a prodigious play with his knife at the table. He wouldn't do it more than three minutes before one of the negro waiters would stop by his chair and lay a fork by his plate, announcing, in perfectly audible tones, "Heh is a fo'k fo' you, suh, wid Mr. A's compliments." The waiter would hardly leave before another one would deposit a fork with "Mr. B's compliments." Another would leave one with "Mr. C's compliments," and so on until the poor unfortunate would be hedged around with forks!

The process usually took away his appetite, temporarily, and also his desire to use his knife as a shovel, permanently. I have seen a poor lad bury his face in his hands and fairly "boo-hoo" under this operation. It was bitter but efficacious.

One could hardly write of the Academy without speaking of "hazing." No one, that is, no sane person, would defend that practice in those gross forms—perhaps in any form—with which the word is usually associated in the popular mind. And yet I must confess that my views now, as I have expressed them, are not what they once were. The offering of personal indignities to the newly joined "plebe" who, with all his ignorance, should be a subject for kindly consideration at the hands of his older and more experienced schoolmates, is, of course, a shocking thing. I, myself, never received any of those indignities,

and I know of very few instances of mishandling or ill-treatment in the case of any cadet.*

Hazing, or, as it is commonly called at the Academy, "running," consisted largely of practical jokes. Most of it was conceived in a spirit of harmless fun, and was soon stopped if you took it in good part. The man who had taken enough interest in you to "run you" usually felt it incumbent upon him to befriend you all the rest of the course. Every cadet, at least until lately, had more or less "running" or "hazing;" Dewey, Sampson, Schley, Hobson, as well as the others. And the farther back in date you were the worse was the hazing. It did not hurt these men apparently.

The Academy is the most democratic place on earth; a boy takes the place he earns by ability

* There were no exhaustive tests of physical endurance; no "spread-eagling" or "wooden willying;" no "sammy races" or "scrapping committee;" things with which a recent Congressional investigation of a sister school have familiarized the public. I personally never knew of a man sustaining any permanent physical injury from hazing, and I never met any cadet who did not say the same. There was fighting in plenty, as there will always be when high-spirited boys are gathered together. But none of it was professional. If a boy had a grievance which could not be adjusted he fought until he was satisfied. If the hazing took an oppressive form, a refusal to stand it with an offer to fight usually put an end to it. Fighting was encouraged by the officers; at least, I recall more than one cadet being reported for "not resenting an insult"—poor spiritless fellows we all thought them.

and manliness, and he gets nothing else. When a cadet succeeded in passing his entrance examinations he usually spent his last dollar to send a telegram home announcing the fact, and paying extra for the privilege of adding "U. S. N." to his name.* Then he would begin to entertain the idea that all the past and future glories of the United States Navy were, or would be, embodied in his own resplendent person. Alas, he would soon be sadly undeceived.

One of the many puzzling questions to which the "plebe" was usually required to give an answer was this:

"Did you come here for $600 a year"—the salary allowed by the Government—"to serve your country, or to get an education?" If in an attempt to be humorous he would answer "for $600 a year," imagine his feelings under the contempt and scorn expressed by his interrogators who were burning with patriotic zeal to serve their country! If in a spirit of fervid patriotism the answer would be "to serve my country," how difficult was it for him to answer the consequent question: "Well, what do you think you can do for your country?" If he replied that he came "to get an education," how complete was his humiliation when his unworthy attempt to beat a generous and trusting Government was pointed

* Initials lawfully his own. Unlike the West-Pointer, the Annapolis cadet has a regularly established rank in the service.

out to him by more lofty minded and experienced cadets!

One favorite practice consisted in teaching the plebes to smile by numbers. When one finger was raised, the dawnings of a smile were to appear, with two fingers it was to grow wider, at four fingers it was a broad grin, and at five was to be accompanied by a loud and artificial "ha, ha!" When the hand was shut it was to be wiped off and an expression of solemnity assumed.

One guileless youth was told that on Sunday morning inspection, when the officer came around to him, without further preliminaries he must go over the list of photographs in his possession. The officer in charge who stopped before him was astonished when he lifted his hand and saluted and began breathlessly: "One of father, one of mother, one of Aunt Sarah, one of Jack and one of Mabel . . . ." The rest of us standing by with difficulty preserved the decorum befitting the solemn ceremonial of Sunday morning. The remarks of the officer cannot properly be recorded on inflammable paper.

There was a big six-foot lumberman from some place up in Michigan. In an incautious moment he allowed one of the upper classmen to get hold of a local paper which contained an item something like this: "We are sure that the ruffianly hazers would not dare to practise their cowardly arts on the brawny son of Michigan." It gave us

an exquisite pleasure, which those who have been boys can appreciate, to have this particular item read aloud by the smallest and feeblest midshipman in the Academy, while the "brawny son of Michigan" listened attentively to it standing on his head in the corner!

Another favorite dodge was to get a cadet to make a political speech. It took two plebes to play the game, one of whom was to be prompter. The orator would be directed to stand on the floor and the prompter on a chair back of him with the mouth of a water pitcher just touching the collar of the speaker. He would be asked his politics, and if they were Democratic, he would be advised to make a Republican speech. The prompter was requested to pour water whenever the flow of language stopped, consequently something was always flowing, water or words. It was an easy way of promoting fluency, and on some harrowing occasions in later days I have wished that some similar prompter could only have started my own halting speech. The first act of the drama would be thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, especially the prompter, but when the positions were reversed and the orator became prompter in his turn, the situation was truly delightful.

Of course we got punished for all these things and deservedly. The ordinary punishment was the giving of demerits. We didn't care much for demerits, but unfortunately there was a limit, and

an additional demerit beyond that limit meant dismissal. Most of us used to run up a large score the first term and then live in fear and trembling during the second half year to keep within the limit. One cadet whom I knew best of all received about two hundred and ninety-seven demerits, when the limit was three hundred! This was six weeks before term time. For those six weeks that boy was a saint. I have never despaired of his ultimate salvation since that period.

A certain number of demerits also reduced one to the fourth conduct grade. We were all normally allowed to draw one dollar a month out of our salary for spending at pleasure. The man who was in the first conduct grade got his monthly dollar, the man of the second grade received seventy-five cents, in the third grade, fifty cents, and in the fourth, nothing. Many of us got nothing, most of the time. For more serious offences extra drills, facetiously called "elective courses in infantry," which took place in the only holiday time, Saturday afternoon, were inflicted.

For still graver infractions of discipline a period on the guard-ship *Santee* was awarded, which sometimes included a week of solitary confinement in a stateroom with a seaman guarding, cutlass in hand. I know one cadet who out of his four-years term managed to spend over one on the *Santee* at different intervals! The guests on the *Santee*,

who usually formed an exceedingly congenial crowd of choice spirits, were obliged to attend all drills and recitations, but aside from that were not permitted to leave the ship, and were sometimes required to stand watch from ten o'clock to midnight in addition.

The ranking cadet on the extra drill list commanded the squad, which numbered anywhere from two to a hundred. They used to say that upper classmen whose merits had not been sufficiently appreciated by the authorities to have received a cadet rank used to get on the list merely to have the pleasure of exercising command.

On one occasion an extra drill squad consisting of two fourth-class men, the writer among the number, and two first-class men was divided into two battalions. I was one, my classmate the other, each of us commanded by a first-class man. In the presence of all the rest of the cadets and a large number of spectators, we gave a dress parade, skirmish drill, sham battle, charge with a cheer, etc. One battalion was even detailed to buy peanuts during a rest, and we had a high time until the arrival of the commandant put an end to the farce. I shall never forget the awe-inspiring effect of a bayonet charge executed by one lone cadet, madly cheering and careering over the parade ground before applauding hundreds!

Speaking of drills, the commanding officer one

day placed a bright, shining, new fifty-cent piece on the parade ground. A fifty-cent piece to a fourth-grade man, the class which was largely predominant in the ranks, opened vistas of unlimited pleasure. That battalion, for over an hour, was marched up and down and over and across that fifty-cent piece. It was furtively kicked and wished for and longed for, and drills were executed amid feverish excitement.

When the ranks were broken and the rifles put up in their racks, there was a wild rush of the whole four hundred to the parade ground. We reached there in time to see the officer, who had lingered purposely, pick up his fifty-cent piece and coolly walk away! The disappointment was awful!

The accomplishments would not be neglected, either, in our curriculum. We had a little fat Italian dancing-master, who must have looked forward to his weekly session with the fourth class as the most horrible experience of his life. We had such difficulty in comprehending his words and methods! Even those who could trip the light fantastic passably well, alone, found themselves possessed of a strange stupidity when he essayed to put them through the waltz.

Every other week we had a stag hop, at which the boys who were the best dancers were regular belles. In the alternate weeks the ladies were invited, and the misogynists stayed in quarters.

There were several "twelve o'clock balls," and an annual ball, which cost a great deal of money, to pay for which certain amounts were reserved for four years out of the pay of each cadet—with their consent, of course, and by their desire. They were very gorgeous affairs, looked forward to during the year, and attended by beauties and belles from all over the country. I have been back at graduation several times since my period, and it seems to me they grow in gorgeousness with every recurring year.

The fencing-master was an old Frenchman, and it was no mockery to call him a master of his weapon. He used to give us the single stick exercise, for instance, and then innocently call out any six of us to come at him at once. A brief *mêlée* would result in six bruised heads, of which the fencing-master's was never one. The position of a fencer requires that the right leg should be thrust forward, the lower limb from the knee down being perpendicular. While practicing with broadswords one day, a certain cadet thought he had discovered a new, brilliant attack. Rapidly disengaging he would drop down and viciously cut at the extended right leg below the knee. A blow on the shins is not a pleasant one, and the cut was invariably successful. The man with whom that cadet would fence could never turn his sword blade quickly enough to parry the stroke.

The old Frenchman watched the performance for some time, and he finally called upon the ambitious youth to try the stroke upon him, while the rest of the class looked on. Everybody knew that something was coming, but what it was nobody could imagine. At any rate the cadet made the attempt boldly. At the proper moment he dropped down like a flash, and made a swoop with his blade at that right leg which would have taken it off if it had only struck. The sword only cut the air. Instead of attempting the impossible parry the professor straightened himself, deftly threw back his leg, and with all the force of his arm brought down his sword upon the padded head mask of his unwitting victim. The blow was so strong that I found myself sitting on the ground in a dazed condition, the rest of the class vociferously cheering near by. I had been nearly driven through the floor.

CHAPTER III

THE STORY OF A HERO

A Soldier of Fortune Indeed.—The Honor of a Sailor.—Captain McGiffin and the Battle-ship *Chen Yuen* at the Battle of the Yalu.—An Historic Letter to his Mother.—"A Broken and a Contrite Heart."—Left Angled Triangles.—A Fighter Rather than a Scholar.—"Man the Boards."—Bound to be Seen.—Even a Theological School!

THE cadet at the Academy during my time there who rose to the greatest prominence subsequently was Philo Norton McGiffin, of Pennsylvania, one of the finest fellows that ever drew a sword; full of fun, kindly of heart, high of soul, gallant of spirit. When he was graduated from the Academy, he resigned from the service and entered the Chinese Navy, where he soon rose to high rank, and rendered efficient service in the Chinese school for naval officers.

He was a striking modern example of the ancient and honorable guild of soldiers of fortune. When he was a lad he gained distinction, during the terrible Pittsburg railroad riots, by his courage in running an engine under circumstances of great personal danger. At the Academy he saved the life of some children from a burning building out in the town. While in the service of the Chinese there occurred a little war with France.

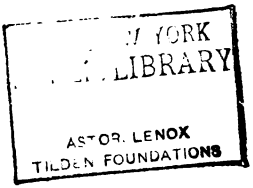
The one solitary Chinese success of that war was the capture of a French gun-boat by a Chinese junk, the crew of which was commanded by McGiffin.

At the famous battle of the Yalu, between the Chinese and the Japanese, McGiffin commanded the *Chen Yuen*, one of the two battle-ships which successfully withstood, and finally drove off, the whole Japanese fleet. He had resigned his position some time before the war broke out, and was on his way home, but his honor would not permit him to desert in time of war the poor people whose bread he had eaten in time of peace; so he returned and resumed command of his ship—which was a lucky thing for the Chinese.

He displayed the most desperate courage in that memorable battle, where he was wounded time and again. He came out of the action frightfully burned, with both ear-drums shattered and his eyes so affected that he could not see without lifting the lids with his hands. He was covered with blood, his clothing was torn from his body and his nervous system was completely wrecked. During the action a vulnerable part of his ship was set on fire. In spite of the fact that the clever Japanese hurled a rain of rapid-fire projectiles upon the burning spot—to encourage the flames—he leaped to it, followed by a few plucky Chinese, and put out the fire. At that moment his own men fired one of the twelve-and-a-half-

CAPTAIN PHILO NORTON McGIFFIN.

As a cadet; as the naval agent of China in England; and as he appeared after the battle of the Yalu.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inch guns of his battle-ship right over his head, knocking him senseless.

History tells few more blood-stirring stories of naval enterprise than McGiffin's hard fighting at the Yalu. No one in the long roll of American seamen who have distinguished themselves by skill and daring has ever exhibited more heroism and courage than he. I put his name by the side of Decatur, Cushing, and Hobson. The story of the way he fought his battle-ship that great day savors of the incredible.

Lest what I say should be questioned, I have secured permission from the mother of my friend —proud am I to write those words—to insert here a copy of the letter he wrote to her as soon as he was able after the battle was over. It is a rare historic document, this frank, yet modest, statement of a glorious hour by a young man to his aged mother. The original letter is feebly written in pencil on scraps of paper, and its continuity is much broken by the suffering he was enduring when he wrote it. He evidently wrote a little of it, then stopped and rested and then wrote a little more, and so on. His sister informs me that " . . . . His wounds were more serious than he at first imagined, and a bone was broken in his face when he threw himself to the deck to *save* his life from that gun—and there was another wound that never healed. Another piece of shell came out *thirteen months after* the battle, and he lost

flesh until he was a shadow of his former self when he died. I am sure that few, if any, had any conception of what his sufferings were, for he was always trying to conceal his feelings, and would say he was 'very well,' when we knew he was anything else. He had written an article on China which, with some of the manuscript, was stolen from the New York Hospital, where he died. Other things were taken, too; I do not know who was to blame. The loss of this manuscript we regret exceedingly. . . . I never saw death so *beautiful*, the expression was of *perfect peace*. I wish all his friends could have looked at him in that last sleep."

Here is the letter:

S. S. PAO-TING,
At sea from Tientsin to Chefoo,
September 23, 1894.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: The greatest naval battle of the century is over and I am alive—thank God. I had many marvellous escapes. I am not such a fool as to believe the Creator takes such an interest in poor me as to go and turn aside a shell—nor do I think he hates me enough to fire one at me; but I had some close shaves.

I cannot write much now. Besides, you will get it in the papers, for I've had more people to see me and question me! I arrived in Tientsin from Port Arthur on Thursday eve. by the *Chen Lung*, a little tow-boat under British flag that sneaked in and out of Port Arthur Wednesday night with lights all out, etc., and so got off without any Japs gobbling us. They'd have

liked dearly to have captured us poor foreign devils. At Tientsin I was taken on board the U. S. S. *Monocacy*, and welcomed, and Dr. dressed my wounds.

I can't write much as my eye is weak. One is "closed for repairs"—will be all right soon. I will not tell you now of what we did before, only say, on Monday, Sept. 17th, we were at Ya Lu Tan (boundary between Corea and China, Long. 124 E.), where we had convoyed 5 transports of troops, 60 pieces of artillery, 10 batteries, and 600 horses, etc. About noon we saw lots of smoke to southward, so quickly weighed and stood to meet them, cleared for action, 10 of us against 12 Japs. All had our big Chinese flag at our mainmast and one at gaff. At 12.20 the *Ting Yuen* opened fire and we followed (5,000 yards, a very easy range); a minute after the Japs opened, and then there was a *hell* of shot and shell.

I had my kodak on the bridge and stayed there when fire was opened for 10 minutes or so. I took 7 photos: two of us and one of Japs just before we opened fire, then 3 of the Japs as they were firing at us. As I "pressed the button" for the third, the Japs did the rest by flipping the camera out of my hand by the wind of a shot a few feet off. I got it before it tumbled off the bridge, set it, and took that and a fourth. Then a shell ripped up the bridge near and I put it in the case. As I stood up, the wind of a shot very near twisted me about—on the right side, fortunately, else I would have gone over the bridge to the deck—thirty feet below.

Then I went in to the Conning Tower. I had cotton in my ears and gave a bit to the quarter-master, etc., and we needed it, for many big shells struck the tower and the noise and concussion was awful. . . I was relieved to find myself not frightened, but almost as cool as I am

now. I will not talk tactics to you, but only say *we* fired and they fired—a hailstorm of shell and good practice on both sides—it was a great responsibility I had; my Chinese colleague cheerfully gave me the brunt of it, but he did well after I was hurt, so no matter.

A message would come up "Captain, the turrets are jammed," "Capt., we can get no powder up," etc., etc. Several times I had to leave the C. T. and go into the barbettes and cheer the men, who were doing manfully, etc. Then "Capt., the ship is on fire at the *foremast!*" (A dreadful place on our ship for reasons.) I said, "Send an officer and fire party and put it out." Next, "The men won't go to put it out, too much shoot."

I found, as I suspected, that no *officer* would go, and the men, of course, never like to go alone, so I swore softly (feeling that under the circumstances it would be forgiven me), and left Yang in the C. T. and called for volunteers to go with me on the forecastle. A number of gallant fellows at once came and said, "Yes, anywhere you go we'll follow you"—and I knew they would do it. So as the starboard barbette was firing her two 12½-in. rifles over the port bow, too, I sent a lieutenant in thro' to it to stop the fire until I and my men got away. He didn't get there as you'll see.* We went around under the muzzles of the port 12½-in. guns and climbed upon the T. G.† forecastle. Here the foremast (of steel) was blazing furiously—*i.e.*, the tarred rigging and woodwork about—and I saw it was serious. I saw the muzzles of the big Stb.‡ guns also moving, but I didn't care.

They passed up the hose. I bent over, and was pull-

* The man was killed *en route.*

† Top-gallant. ‡ Starboard.

ing it up with my hands from over the edge when a shot, shell, or fragment, came between my wrists, and clipped a bit from each forearm—not enough to make me let go, tho'; I hauled on and got a slap on the left groin, of no account, and then in about two minutes (it may have been 20—one can't tell) I saw a vivid glare in front, and a horrible feeling for about $\frac{1}{10000000000}$ of a second, when I was hurled to the deck, and—here I wish to say that, Sunday-School books "to the contrary notwithstanding"—all the events of my life did *not* pass in review before my agonized brain—"Au Contraire," I just thought "this is death," and knew no more.

But the hose fell on top of me, and as it was leaking (shot through), I revived in a very few seconds feeling—oh, how *can* I say—but here I saw only ten feet away the big hungry muzzle of a stb.* 12½-in. rifle looking just at me. I saw it lift its muzzle an inch or two, then swing right and left a few inches, and it flashed across me that they were aiming the gun, and, of course, as the gun is nearly six feet in diameter at the breech poor me could not be seen, and as we usually fired after a very quick aim, I felt a sort of hopeless shrinking kind of shudder, and I think for a moment covered my eyes with my left hand and waited. Then I thought, let's *try*, and rolled for the edge and dropped over the side on to the deck below just as I heard and felt the gun go off over my head.

There I was not much better, and I did *so* much want to faint, but I held up and staggered around to the other side—there was no safe side, for shell came in everywhere, but I could at least be safe from our own fire here. You see one of our own big guns had gone off, and we were

* Starboard.

about 15 feet in front, and 6 feet to the left of it (1,200 pounds of powder charge). Just then, also, a Jap shell burst in front of us about eight or ten feet. Every one of my party of volunteers was hit either by the shell or the gun—I had [received injury] from both. My trousers were blown right into ribbons, and even a new pair of strong cotton drawers blown into strips. My tunic also had holes blown thro' it, the black satin trimmings and mohair braid ripped off, the coat burnt brown or white, and the gold stripes on the sleeves burnt white nearly; my cap I never saw again. As for me, I was cruelly burnt, my hair singed off my head, ditto eyebrows, eyelashes, and right half of moustache, and my right eye and side burnt badly. My eye is O. K., let me say right here, so don't bother. Then you must know that one could not have his clothes blown to pieces on him, to say *O** of burns, without a shock. I was spitting blood, and passed from one fainting fit into another rapidly, only recovering thro' the horrible agony I was in from my burns and eyes. But a poor fellow next me had *his eyes* blown out of his head, so I must not boast.

The poor fellows—every one of the volunteers was hit and killed or wounded—an unlucky picnic, truly. Well, the wounded are supposed to be passed down under the turrets inside of the armor, but I could not climb up into the barbette, and no one could be spared to come to me as they saw me lying apparently dying, and thought from the look of my clothes that there could be no hope. Presently a sailor saw me and came to me, then a party of powder men took me and laid me on a sofa in my salon. . . . I lay in most awful pain, my condition

* Naught.

was truly pitiable, nearly blind, burnt, half naked, parched with thirst, wounded in both wrists and on the hip, and my lungs shocked as if all the wind was out, as happens sometimes to a school-boy when a ball hits him. I got some brandy—it tasted like water. I encouraged the men all I could. I sometimes got outside, and holding my eye open with fingers saw how we were doing. I really cannot write more.

We fought six hours, from 12.20 to 6.20. I had no doctor, from 3.30 or 4, when I was wounded, till 9.30 P.M. You see I was not under cover, and he didn't like the idea, small wonder; we were hit over 400 times!

We lost four ships. Of seven foreigners in the fight, 4 wounded, 2 killed, 1 engineer in engine-room unhurt. The *Chih-Yuen* (Capt. Tang) I brought out from England went down, not a soul saved—poor Purvis on her (Chief Engineer). We gave the Japs some hard punches. I am en route to Chefoo to be nursed a little until I am able to rejoin my ship and take it out of them for what they've done.

My love to all, and lots to yourself, Mother darling—don't worry—"The Prodigal Son"* 'll be O. K., never fear. And if I *don't*, remember it is a point of honor for me to have joined; after ten years of service it would be mean to go! My eyes are *both* open and I can see, only I have to give the "lame-duck" of an eye a rest. The burns ars healing up, and they say will leave no scars nor *blushes*. Fancy a *blush on me—me*, that wicked

"PRODIGAL SON."

* He oftener signed his letters to his mother "The Prodigal Son" than in any other way. It seems to give an additional touch of pathos to it all.

He never recovered from this dreadful experience, and after more than two years of great suffering he died from the effects of his wounds.

This is the inscription on his tombstone:

PHILO NORTON McGIFFIN
Dec. 15th, 1860—Feb. 11th, 1897.
Commander of the Chinese Battle-ship
CHEN YUEN.
At the Battle of the Yalu
September 17th, 1894.
"A broken and a contrite heart,
O God, Thou wilt not despise."
This tablet is erected in tender memory
of a brave man who loved his own, but
gave his life for an alien flag.

That verse from the fifty-first Psalm was placed on the stone by his explicit direction in his will, in which he also expressed his desire to be buried by United States sailors. The same text was heavily marked in his prayer-book, as was the "Prayer to be said before a Fight at sea against any enemy."* Opposite this beautiful petition he had written the following: "*Chen Yuen* (H. I. M. S.),† off Yalu River—noon, September 17, 1894."

I seem to be treading on hallowed ground when I consider his use of the prayer before the battle. He was not what is commonly known as a very

* Page 307, Standard Episcopal Prayer-book.
† His Imperial Majesty's ship.

religious man and that prayer means much. It reminds me of Nelson in the cabin of the *Victory* before Trafalgar. Surely "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

But, to turn back to the merry young fellow of early days; on one occasion I was on the *Santee* with him for some months and there got to know him very well. To know him well was to love him. There was a fellow on the *Santee* with us then, we will call him X——, who was four years in one class and was without doubt the most stupid man who ever attempted to go through the Academy. He never did get through the fourth class. X—— and McGiffin and I were walking up to recitation one morning when X—— asked McGiffin what the lesson in geometry was that day.

"It is about the three kinds of triangles, X——," said McGiffin, guilelessly, giving me a nudge.

"What are they, old man?" queried X——.

"Well," said McGiffin, "there are right-angled triangles like this," turning to the right and drawing imaginary lines in the air; "left-angled triangles like this," turning to the left and repeating the process, "and isosceles," which he described. X—— applied to me for confirmation—and received it, of course—and we tutored him all the way to the class-room in those various kinds of triangles.

The officer in charge of the section that day was a man who had a distinguished record in the war of the Rebellion, and was more noted for his personal courage than his knowledge of mathematics. For instance, whenever a cadet deviated from the book lettering in demonstrating a geometrical problem, he was accustomed to say that he wished we would confine ourselves to the letters of the book figures, on the plea that Mr. Chauvenet, the author of the geometry, had spent a great deal of time and taken much care in getting that book up, and that we could hardly improve on his lettering or figures!

When we entered the recitation-room this very nautical officer used to give the command, "Man the boards, gentlemen!" We manned them by taking our places at the black-boards. The first question, which was given to X——, was the naming and describing the different kinds of triangles. X—— made beautiful figures on the black-board —that was the limit of his capacity—and when his time came to recite he rattled off the different triangles, right, left, and isosceles, as he had learned them!

"Ahem!" said the officer, looking carefully from him to the book, "Mr. Chauvenet doesn't say anything about it, but the distinction you have drawn appears to be a very nice one. That will do, sir."

So X—— made a very much better recita-

tion and got a very much higher mark on that occasion than either McGiffin or I received!

While he was on the *Santee* he was asked to act as referee in a fistic encounter between two cadets who were desirous of availing themselves of his known skill in such matters. The fight was to take place in the free hour after supper. The only way McGiffin could be present would be by getting on the sick list for the night and thus be allowed to remain in his quarters. He went over to the surgeon—Dr. Ruth—and made a desperate bluff.

"Put out your tongue," said the doctor.

It was a fearful looking tongue, white and ghastly.

"Put it in," said the doctor. "Now tell me the truth. What did you put on it?"

"Tooth powder, sir," answered McGiffin.

"What did you want to get on the sick list for?"

"I am to referee a fight after supper, sir, and I cannot stay in the building unless I am sick."

The doctor's eyes twinkled.

"If I put you on, McGiffin," he said, "will you report yourself cured in the morning?"

"Yes, sir," answered the would-be referee, choking over the tooth powder.

"Very well, you are on. You may go."

The white canvas blouses, or "jumpers," we

wore in seamanship and other practical exercises were supposed to be marked across the breast in legible lettering with our respective surnames. Having a new blouse and being in a hurry on one occasion, McGiffin simply scribbled his name on it in pencil and was reported for "not having name on jumper in sufficiently large letters." When he next appeared in it his name was printed in letters nearly a foot high, which began in the small of his back and went all the way around! There was no mistaking him after that.

The world knows the worth and honors the devotion of the Naval Academy graduates who remain in the service—their exploits are a part of history—but the connection with the school of many who have resigned from the Navy and have devoted themselves to peaceful pursuits, is sometimes forgotten. In the catalogue of my memory are the names of authors, two at least, of much more than local note—Churchill and Benjamin—artists, physicians, lawyers galore, scientists, inventors, electricians, soldiers!—one being the efficient Adjutant-General of the National Guard of a great State—manufacturers, ship-builders, diplomatists, statesmen, not to speak of the able manager of the gas-works of one great city, a leading politician in the most remarkable municipal organization of modern times in another, and last and least, an indifferent preacher—the writer.

Moral—if you want to make your sons anything good—send them to the Naval Academy.*

* At a meeting of the Philadelphia branch of the United States Naval Academy Alumni Association, on my motion it was resolved that the Secretary of the Navy be requested to name one of the new torpedo-boats McGiffin. This would be indeed a fitting tribute to his valor and his skill, and as his training was purely and entirely from the Academy, it would be an acceptable recognition of its value.

CHAPTER IV

IN AND OUT OF THE CLASS-ROOM

Amateur Mathematicians.—Foot-pounds by Order.—Captain Mahan's Fluent Language.—Greater than Manila.—An Association of Chefs.—A Real Spread.—Taking it Externally.—Give Him Air.—The Most Beautiful.—Unhandy with a Gun.—Attached to the *Santee*.—Embracing Venus.—A Demonstration of Feeling.—The Descendant of the Patroons Ahead.—Narrow Quarters.—Contraband Bottles.—New Use of a "Doctor Book."—My First Christmas.—"Spreads."—Fire.—Sham Battles.—The Real Thing.

THERE was a certain officer who was not noted for his mathematical attainments, who was detailed to the Academy as one of the duty officers, who attended to drills and discipline, and as a rule had nothing to do with the intellectual part of the school. It was the duty of the officer-of-the-day, however, to take charge of any recitation when the officer appointed thereto was absent. This was a recitation in integral calculus, and the cadet who first recited had a little equation which he commenced to explain in this way:

"D y over d x equals——"

"Hold on! Mr. P——," said the officer referred to, "I am not very well up in calculus, I'll admit, but I know enough of mathematics to know that in a case like that the proper thing for you to do is to strike out the d's."

P—— carefully cancelled the d's and proceeded to demonstrate, the rest of the class looking gleefully on. We had a picnic in that recitation.

Another officer is reported to have sent a requisition to the Navy Department for some "foot-pounds" to be used for his department. It must not be supposed from anything which has been said that the capacity of the officer instructors and their intellectual attainments, as well as the general requirements of the Academy, were not of the first order. They were. Once in awhile, however, a misfit slipped in, and when he did he simply became fun for the boys, until realizing the situation he got transferred to another department.

Taking it all in all the education is one of the best a young man can receive. It makes a first-class naval officer of him or, as I said, it fits him for almost any other profession, even that of a minister of the gospel.

As an example of another kind of instructor, a very distinguished naval officer, since widely known for his books, Captain Mahan, was in charge of the Department of Astronomy and Navigation while I was a cadet. He relieved old "Foot-pounds" one day very unexpectedly, and much to the disappointment of a section, which, anticipating an easy time, had not prepared its lessons. He had an apt and fluent command of language and never lacked for comparison, even

though his literary reputation was yet to be made. I made a horrible bungle of a recitation on this occasion, and was blandly told to take my seat, that I knew absolutely nothing about the subject, that a new-born babe could hardly be more ignorant—which was true. When the next cadet essayed it, he did no better than I. In fact, when he finished his attempt, the captain remarked:

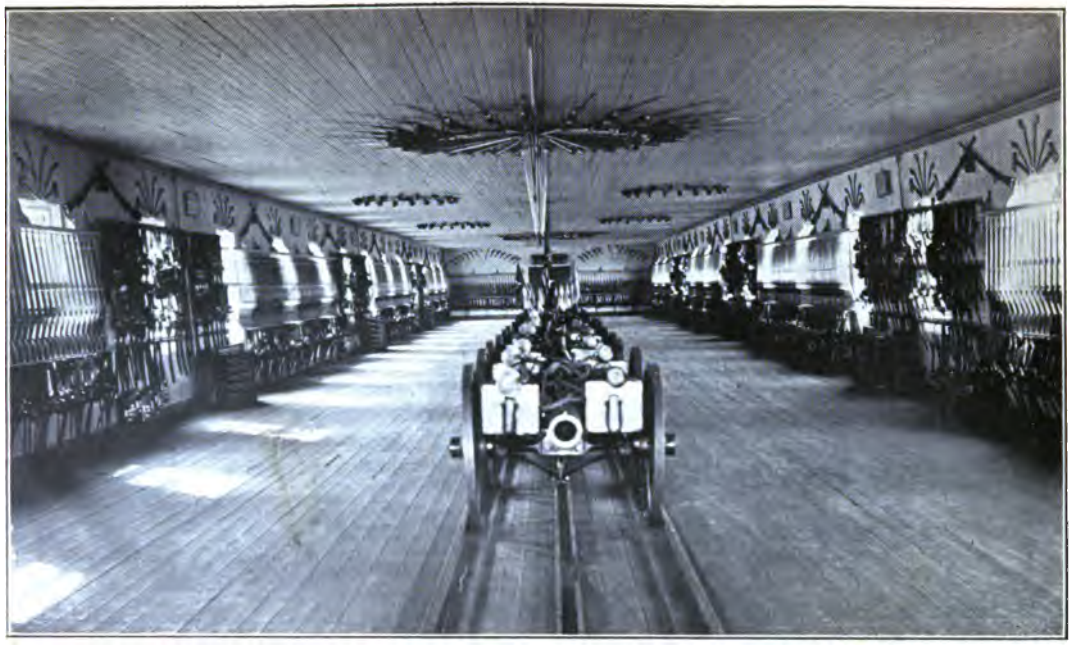
"Well, Mr. T——, I thought Mr. Brady had sounded the depths of human ignorance on this subject, but you know even less about it than he."

Speaking of able officers reminds me of a brilliant repartee made by one of high rank the other day to a sneering Englishman who remarked:

"I suppose you Americans think that Dewey's little fight the other day at Manila was about the greatest naval battle ever won?"

"Oh, no," was the good-humored reply, "there was a little battle on Lake Champlain some years since, and another on Lake Erie about the same time, which we think very much greater battles than Manila!"

Speaking of fun reminds me of a society of which I was a member. No Greek letter fraternities are allowed in the Academy, no secret society of any kind in fact, and this one was a surreptitious one. It was called "The Knights of the Golden Anchor," for what reason no one could ever tell, for the society was a cooking club, pure



INSIDE THE OLD ARMORY.

This building was torn down twenty years ago.

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and simple! We had a weekly "orgie," the materials for which would be a gas-stove, a few oysters bought, and some butter, pepper, and salt, and dry bread abstracted with great difficulty from the mess-hall. There were eight members in the club, which held its sessions after taps at the rooms of the different members, when we were all supposed to be snugly ensconced in our beds.

The window, key-hole, and transom of the room would be covered with blankets to prevent betraying light from leaking forth, and we would have fried oysters galore. The capacity of the tiny stove was limited to six oysters at a time, consequently two members were perforce obliged to go hungry after every frying. There was usually a wild scramble for the oysters in order to be one of the favored six in every instance.

After conducting the club with various vicissitudes for some months we determined to give a "real spread." We had saved up a dollar or two for the occasion. In addition to the *pièce de résistance* of the banquet, which was always the six oysters aforesaid, we smuggled pie, cake, ice-cream, hard-boiled eggs, and other delicacies into our rooms by the exercise of a great deal of ingenuity, and we were in full enjoyment of the feast on the appointed night, when we heard the heavy tread of the officer-of-the-day coming along the corridor.

We tore down the blankets and put out the

lights. Two cadets jumped into each bed, one got under each bed, and the last two stepped into the wardrobe. The provisions had been frantically concealed in the wardrobes, beds, and on the floor at the same time with the cadets. The officer opened the door, and in spite of the fact that he was greeted by a loud and distinct chorus of snores—which were overdone by the way—he lighted the gas and revealed a picture! We were all clad in *robes de nuit*, and were covered with the remains of the "spread" in every conceivable way. I was standing with my bare feet in a cherry pie holding the gas-stove clasped in my arms. Another man was lying in bed shivering amid several plates of ice-cream, and so on.

The scene was too much even for the official gravity of the officer. We never heard the last of that "spread." They used to say that we had taken most of it externally. The gas-stove was confiscated, we were disciplined, and the club was broken up.

It was an exquisite pleasure for us to get ahead of the officer-in-charge. There was one descendant of the Dutch patricians of the Hudson whom we rather "had it in for." The building in which we were quartered had a square stairway running around an area. On one occasion we rigged up an elaborate dummy out of sticks of wood, straw, pillows, and so on. We dressed it in an old cadet uniform, and having made careful preparation,

dropped it down the area with a blood-curdling shriek that could have been heard a mile.

Those party to the plot immediately formed themselves into a tight ring around the figure from which dreadful groans of a most heart-rending character apparently issued. A large number of perfectly innocent persons also pressed toward the spot. The officer and the marine orderly came tearing through the crowd in the very best football style, the officer shrieking "Get back, get back, give him air, make way!" When he tenderly raised the poor shattered image in his arms, the *denouement* was excruciating.

Here are some clever sayings by a green youngster who has since made a fine name for himself in business circles. A lot of the candidates were being held up by some fourth-classmen. D—— was, of course, asked by one of them if he, the fourth-classman, was not the best-looking man in the room. D—— said yes, he was sure of it. Another fourth-classman shook his fist under D——'s nose and said, "What do you mean?" D—— quickly replied, "Well, I hadn't seen you, sir!"

The first time that D—— was put in the battalion he was directly behind a tall engineer cadet. "Jack" Soley, the infantry battalion commander, was double-quicking us across the plain at trail arms. When he gave the order, "Halt!" D——, in bringing his piece to a carry, took a

chunk of meat with his bayonet from behind the engineer's ear. Just then we had the order "Rest," and the wounded man turned around with some strong adjectives and asked D—— what the blankety-blank he meant by sticking his bayonet into him. D——'s reply was characteristic: "Wall, lookee here, stranger, I reckon you'll have to excuse me, 'cause I ain't handy with a gun nohow."

Both officers and cadets were required, by the exigencies of the various situations in which they were likely to find themselves, to keep their wits constantly on duty. V——, of a class above me, was "*Santeed.*" It was in the middle of winter, with snow on the ground. Of course, at the conclusion of the afternoon study periods, V—— had to report aboard ship. The battalion was being formed and was being inspected by Captain "Jack" Miller—a splendid officer, a rigid disciplinarian, and yet we all liked him. V—— was walking in the rear of the ranks and tucking hunks of snow down the necks of the plebes. Just as he reached the rear of the left flank, Jack Miller, who had been inspecting the battalion, ran plump into him and caught him red-handed—or perhaps I would better say white-handed, since it was snow. "Where do you belong, sir?" exclaimed Captain Miller. V—— instantly replied, "At present, sir, I am attached to the United States ship *Santee.*"

Here is another one on V——. He was within

three or four numbers of his limit in demerits, and being late at roll-call, as usual, he begged his crew captain not to "spot" him. "Why not?" said the captain. V—— replied, "I am going thirty days without demerits, for the sake of pulling up my conduct report." "How long have you gone?" asked his captain. "Just commenced this morning," answered V——.

The old Drawing Academy was on the fifth floor of the new quarters. It was filled with old plaster models which greatly amused us. The head of the department had formed the sections to march out one day, when he looked around and caught V—— kissing Venus! Of course there was a tremendous roar of laughter, but the joke occurred next morning, when, reading the conduct report, the Cadet-Lieutenant-Commander suddenly sung out, "V—— embracing Venus, Drawing Academy, 3.50 P.M." No words were wasted in the conduct reports. They were brief, and soulful as well—to everyone but the victim!

Here is another one on D——. He was at the board, reciting on eligibility for the presidency of the United States. The instructor said, "Mr. Morgan, what is the application of the sentence, 'or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this Constitution?'" D——'s reply was, "Oh, that was put in for those fellows that came over late."

When a class got to feeling unusually "frisky"

and spirited, it would arrange to make a demonstration. Shot from the miscellaneous piles about the yard would be carried with painstaking labor to the top floor after dark, the water buckets would be filled with sand, tin covers would be placed along the corridors, and at a given signal all the gas-lights in the building would be extinguished by the simple expedient of a few cadets, from different points of vantage, blowing through the pipes. Then, without warning, a twenty-four-pound shot would be hurled madly down the stairs, sand would be poured down the area in blinding clouds, and the most hideous of all noises would be made by the scraping of the bucket covers along the rough-cast plaster of all the walls of the corridors. Dumb-bells would fly, and if by chance we could get a pig, or a duck, or a chicken, they would add their clamor to the confusion. We did this on one occasion for the Dutch patrician.

He was more than equal to the situation, however, for he waited until we got tired, and then he had us all down in the hall, and paraded us, lightly clad and shivering, in the chill air, from ten at night to one o'clock in the morning with the remark that "we had had our fun, he would now have his!"

He had it.

We slept two in a room. The rooms were about twelve feet square, one door on the corri-

dor and one large window, two iron beds, a square table, a wardrobe apiece with shelves on one side, and hooks on the other, two common Windsor chairs of the kitchen variety, two small iron wash-stands, tin basins, tin buckets, tin water-carriers and a small 6×9 looking-glass. Technical books were piled on top of the wardrobes. No ornamentation of any sort was allowed except on the inside of our wardrobe doors, which were profusely decorated with pictures, German favors, bits of ribbon, locks of hair, etc. We had to keep our own rooms clean, week by week in alternation. Rooms were inspected every day by officers who had an inconvenient practice of writing their names with white-gloved fingers on the table or the lamp-shade to see if they were clean.

Of course, liquor was strictly contraband, and little or none was ever introduced into the Academy. The officers looked out for it with the greatest care—for the sake of the law, not for the liquor of course. One unlucky cadet had a small bottle confiscated by a zealous officer, and he determined to get even. With carefully arranged negligence he allowed the corner of a large flask to protrude from under the edge of his pillow. One morning when the officer in question took his tour of duty the bottle was detected. The officer swooped down upon it with great delight.

"Aha!" he said, lifting it up. "At it again, Mr. ——," and before the cadet, who was on this

occasion slow of speech, could explain, he uncorked it—he was a connoisseur in bottles, their contents rather—and took a long, generous sniff of a compound of sulphuretted hydrogen, asafetida, hartshorn, etc.

"Wha—what do you mean, sir?" gasped the officer weeping with rage and other emotions. "What is this infernal stuff for?"

"For the toothache, sir," answered the cadet, meekly.

"Did the doctor prescribe it?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "it is a home-made preparation of my grandmother's!"

Heaven save the old lady's reputation, for the decoction was confiscated at once.

One of the brightest fellows who ever went through the school was S——, who was afterward lost when the United States Ship *Vandalia* was wrecked in the great hurricane at Samoa, which involved so many ships in disaster. S—— had somehow become possessed of a small medical encyclopedia, I think his father was a physician, and this came from his library. At any rate the boy used to study up a varied lot of symptoms of some strange and horrible disease. Then he would go over to the hospital and cleverly allow the young assistant surgeon to draw the symptoms from him. Then in great consternation he would be placed on the sick list, treated and cured of the threatening attack.

One of the greatest delights in life was to receive a box from home. At Christmas-time there were plenty. My first Christmas at the Academy I spent sitting on the sea-wall, huddled up in a rain-coat, mingling home-sick tears with the rain and contemplating the misty sea. My box didn't come in time.

It was the custom when a man received a box of edibles to open the box and display the contents on the study table. There would be, perhaps, a whole turkey, a ham, three or four mince-pies, boxes of candy, fruit-cake, glasses of jelly, pickles, and heaven knows what else! When the proud proprietor had arranged things to his satisfaction he would go to the door opening into the corridor, and giving the number of his room would call, at the top of his voice, "Spread, room 68!"

Like a swarm of locusts, from every direction, hungry lads would rush to the fray. Egypt, when the locusts got through with it, would be an oasis compared with that room after a five-minute attack. Presently everything would be gone except perhaps the ham-bone. When the fortunate possessor of that interesting edible would endeavor to slip away, he would be detected at once, and there would be a mad chase up and down the hall to gain possession of the coveted trophy.

Fire drills were frequent at the Academy, and the alarm was always sounded at unusual hours. On one occasion we were called from dress parade

to extinguish an imaginary conflagration. The Academy was provided with a large steam fire-engine, and several powerful streams from stationary steam-pumps. On one occasion the fire was supposed to be in the new quarters, a very long, narrow building. A stream from the fire-engine was soon playing upon one end, and a stream from the steam-pump on the other.

Little by little the streams crept toward the centre of the building, and finally one crowd of nozzlemen, led by McGiffin, deliberately turned the hose on the other party. The return was made promptly, and all the disengaged cadets flocked to the fray. It was glorious fun. The officers shouted and gesticulated, one incautiously ran between and nearly got drowned, but there was no stopping the deluge until the streams were turned off.

Sometimes we went as a naval brigade in boats to the Government farm. Our antagonists were usually a battalion of the United States Marines stationed at the Academy—and there was no love lost between us, by the way, for they were charged with guarding us in various ways. The boats would be brought as near the shore as possible, and in light marching order we would wade through the water to the shore.

It was always prearranged which party was to win, but on one occasion the decision had not been communicated to us. We charged up the hill to

the fort defended by the marines, and they remained there. We had received no orders to retreat, and so we came pouring on in spite of a vigorous discharge of blank cartridges. One cadet was quite severely injured by receiving a blast from a three-inch howitzer at close range, he couldn't sit down conveniently for a week or two.

The marines wouldn't retreat, neither would we. Bayonets were crossed viciously, and things looked ugly. They were men, but we were four times as many. A marine officer, who subsequently distinguished himself in Cuba at Guantanamo, dashed in between the combatants. I happened to be in the front rank with two or three others, and we made a vicious pass at him with our bayonets, shouting that he was our prisoner. His fencing was magnificent. He gracefully parried the thrusts, and whacked us over the head, and over the back with his sword, and easily held his own until other officers intervened and decided the combat. Though I served in the Spanish-American War, that was the nearest I ever came to a real battle.

On one occasion we had a sham battle in the yard between two opposing bodies of cadets. In the excitement of the conflict each party managed to drag a howitzer to the different ends of the long armory, and in spite of the stern commands of the officer-in-charge, we blazed away at each other until the windows of the old ar-

mory were broken to pieces. It was magnificent, if not war.

And so with meals and church, and drills and recitations, the year wore away, and the time would arrive for the summer cruise. What we did then, and what fun we had must be reserved for the following papers.

WHERE ADMIRALS ARE MADE

AFLOAT

CHAPTER V

DEEP WATER CRUISING

The Practical Part of it.—Cruising at Anchor.—How We Celebrated.—"Spuds."—Sleeping in the Bight.—Under Way.—Our First Introduction to the Sea.—Blue Water and Sea Legs at Last.—The Watches.—Hammocks.—Stealing Fresh Water.—The Handy Scuttle-butt.—The Ship's Cook.—Holy Stoning the Darkey.—What We Ate.—Pinckney and Pie.—Pinckney Plays Captain.—On the Flying-jib.—A Trick at the Wheel.—Heaving the Lead.

In order to combine theory and practice, the cadets of the Naval Academy are sent on a cruise of from two to three months' duration every year. The incidents which follow illustrate the experiences of one cadet on several different cruises. No attempt has been made to preserve chronological order, and the only connection between the "yarns" lies in the fact that they were nearly all personal and that they really happened.

The only two ships that I ever cruised in were the famous old frigate *Constellation* and the little sloop-of-war *Dale*, which were the practice ships of the Academy in my day. I made several cruises

at anchor, however, in the frigate *Santee*, a ship as large as the other two ships put together. Inasmuch as she was securely moored and made fast to a wharf with her nose stuck solemnly in the mud, she gave us little experience of deep-water sailing. She happened to be the guard-ship of the Academy in which the livelier spirits among the cadets went into retreat, at the instance of their superior officers, for periods of greater or less length. I spent altogether about one year out of the four between decks on that old frigate, and it was on her that I learned to rig and swing a hammock and get in and out of it—a very difficult performance until you have mastered it—and many other details of a sailor's life.

The class to which I belonged, being composed of a lively set of lads, was habitually more or less in disgrace with the powers that be. The first year, called the year of plebedom, when every man's hand is against you, is usually terminated with the beginning of the first summer cruise, and the third class, late fourth, usually celebrated it in some—to them—appropriate manner. We had amused ourselves by initiating some of the newly joined, called "plebes," into the mysteries of academic custom and ancient practice, and had been apprehended in the midst of the performance. In the face of a deprecatory oration upon the subject, delivered the previous day to the battalion by the Secretary of the Navy, who was

"AWAY ALL BOATS!"

The battalion of cadets embarked as a naval brigade. The United States ship *Santee* to the left.

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irreverently called "Old Uncle Dick," the offence was deemed doubly aggravated, and the third class men set forth with the promise that they would be rigorously dealt with. We were, and we had an unusually severe cruise! A part of the time we had extra watches to stand, and some of us never got ashore in any port until the end of the cruise!

We were somewhat delayed in getting under way, as the *Constellation* had only the day before returned from Ireland. During one of the periodic visitations of famine there, she had been sent to the Emerald Isle filled to the gun-deck with "spuds" (potatoes) for the use of the Milesians, and the utmost diligence had not yet sufficed to prepare the frigate properly for our reception. For weeks we slept in an atmosphere of potatoes; we breathed potatoes, thought potatoes, and tasted potatoes, until the homely vegetable became loathsome to us before our return.

One morning in June the first and third classes, numbering about one hundred and seventy-five, were marched aboard the ship, each lad carrying his impedimenta in two or three huge bags. We were sent to the berth-deck and lockers assigned to us, the first class men taking their choice and the third class taking the balance. The June plebes, those who had entered that June instead of the following September, the usual time, upon whom we had been trying our 'prentice hand,

stowed their belongings in the most inaccessible and gloomy corners of the deck—they had the places no one else wanted.

Each locker was about 4 feet high, 15 inches wide, and 15 inches deep, and was divided by two shelves into three compartments. In it we were expected to stow two complete sets of uniforms, overcoats, rain-clothes, caps, spare bedding, toilet articles, and a sufficient supply of linen and underwear to enable us to go two months, if necessary, without a laundering, and everything else. The lockers were filled to overflowing, those of the green hands especially. The A. B.'s (able seamen) of the first class had learned something by previous experience.

The berth-deck was lighted only by the hatchways and dead-lights in the side, which were always closed except in port, and frequently then. The floor of the deck was about five feet below the water-line and the ceiling about one foot above it. It was provided with long tables and camp-stools, and a stand with sixteen metal wash-basins of the plainest kind was situated abaft the fore hatch. Hooks were attached to the beams of the deck above from which the hammocks could be suspended. Here we lived, ate, slept, studied, and skylarked. The same discrimination in favor of the upper classmen about the lockers was exercised in choosing a spot from which to swing the hammock. Some of the plebes were so restricted

as to room, owing to the number of cadets on the ship, that they had to hang both ends of the hammock from the same hook and sleep in the bight, which was not comfortable! The sailor-men of the crew lived on the gun-deck, next above, the highest deck of all being called the spar-deck. The *Constellation* then was a flush-decked frigate.

We had no more than got aboard the ship and hastily stowed away our dunnage when the shrill piping of the boatswain's mates was heard, followed by a hoarse bawling, "*All hands up anchor*," and that was the beginning. We sailed merrily down the Chesapeake Bay, with which our Saturday practice cruises had given us some little familiarity, and in a few days' time, after a stop at Fortress Monroe, we gained the open sea. The ocean about the capes of the Chesapeake is very shallow and the waves have plenty of room to roll. They say it is easy to tell how many miles you are from the high-water mark by the lead line; that is, if the water is five feet deep, you are five miles out, if ten feet deep, ten miles out, and so on, and the rollers are simply tremendous. It was the custom to take the ship out of the bay and anchor, and then let her roll, to hearten the green hands and remove any lingering ideas, which the pleasant voyage down the bay might have encouraged, that they were good sailors.

The ship would go over and over and over in

one direction until she was almost on her beam ends. Then she would stop and give a little shiver which you felt in every atom of your being. She would next commence to roll the other way, and go over just as far in the other direction. You went with her naturally, but your internal arrangements never kept time with your external motions and the result was a solution of continuity, painful and humiliating, especially when it was cruelly commented upon by the officers and oldsters among the crew.

A sea-sick boy was fair game for everybody, and how we loathed our kind ! We were not allowed to luxuriate in the situation either. We had things to do all the time, and we were ruthlessly compelled to do them. It was not an uncommon sight the first few days out to see a youngster when ordered aloft, take a can with him to be prepared for emergencies, but a day or two would give us a rather trembling pair of sea-legs, so we could navigate, and presently we would get under way and it would be over.

The sailors, who in numbers about equalled the cadets, and the cadets themselves, would be divided into two watches, and stationed regularly in the various parts of the ship. The daily routine was four hours on watch and four hours off, night and day except in port, the regular sequence being broken by two watches of two hours each between four in the afternoon and eight at

night, which were called the dog-watches (perhaps because curtailed). By this means one watch would be on duty from midnight to four in the morning one night, and off duty, or in hammocks, during the same period the next night.

The hammocks were pieces of canvas about 2 feet by 6, carrying a pallet, if you were lucky enough to have one, and blankets, sheets, pillows, etc. They were hung from the deck beams at night, and in the daytime lashed with rope into a huge sausage-like structure, which was stowed in long receptacles in the rail on either side of the ship. They were piped down at seven bells (half after seven).

We were expected to turn in (go to bed) at eight, though lights were not formally extinguished until two bells (nine). At twelve o'clock at night the mid-watch would be called by the boatswain's mate. At four in the morning, when it was relieved by the other watch, it would go below and turn in for three hours more sleep. At reveille we were allowed about three minutes to leap out of our hammocks, drag on a few clothes, lash them up and take them on deck. To do this, it was necessary to jump at the first tap of the drum. There was no time for loitering or dreaming.

To wash was a painful matter. A little ship like the *Dale*, for instance, did not carry enough fresh water for the ablutions of the cadets, and so we were forced to use salt water, which those who

have experienced it know is a most impracticable fluid for cleansing purposes. A petty officer called "The Mate-of-the-hold," was charged with the business of seeing that the cadets did not steal fresh water from the tanks.

We were given a moderate allowance of fresh water for teeth-cleaning purposes, however, and the quantity we used to wheedle out of the big negro who kept guard over the water-tanks was simply amazing. The "first luff," when he would see the daily report of the amount of water consumed, would make pointed remarks on the laudable desire of the cadets to follow the dental requirements of the situation; saying that while he would not stickle at a pint of water for teeth-cleaning purposes, he thought a half gallon apiece was enough for a Brobdignag! Many and stern were the orders we got on the subject.

We had another source of supply in the scuttle-butt, a large wooden cask that stood on the main-deck filled with water for drinking purposes only. It used to be a regular thing to procure a bottle and draw water from it during the night for the next morning's wash, until the scuttle-butt was guarded and we had to fall back on the sea. There was no way, of course, for taking a bath, unless overboard, or up on the forecastle when the night was dark. As it was usually cool at night-time, washing was a chilly performance.

Speaking of washing reminds me of the ship's

cook. He was a Guinea negro, who rejoiced in the name of John Ireland, one of the low-browed, prognathous-jawed, broad-shouldered, bandy-legged type. We used to rejoice when he cooked onions, because the odor of the latter overpowered other unmentionable emanations. He happened to pass to windward of the first lieutenant when his name was called at muster on Sunday morning! Externally he was cleanliness itself. One whiff, however, was enough for the keen nose of the executive officer. He called the boatswain's mate and told him to detail four men to take John Ireland up to the head and scrub him with sand and canvas.

The men, relishing the job, did more than they were ordered. They stripped him, turned the head pump on him and absolutely holy-stoned him! The crew enjoyed the performance hugely. He was the cleanest darky from that time that we ever saw. The holy-stone took off the epidermis and everything else. The remembrance of that one dose was sufficient to keep him clean for ever after.

The Government allowed the cadets a salary, and we were given the privilege of doing our own catering when on a cruise, a certain amount of the salary being at our disposal. I remember the first time I acted as caterer in company with a classmate. We lived well, had unlimited milk, cream, fruit, etc., and were voted a great success!

But when the bills came in, and it was found that we had used up the whole three months' allowance in one month, public opinion changed, and as we had to live on the ship's fare of "salt horse," salt pork, "lob-scouse," a compound of hot water and hardtack, "duff," a horribly indigestible pudding, and another dreadful decoction called "Pinckney's Love," from our chief steward, we did not hear the last of our extravagance until the end of the cruise.

Where the steward got the time-honored name of Pinckney I know not. He was a shrewd old darky, and laid in a stock of pies and cakes at each port, which he sold at exorbitant prices to the cadets when at sea. The first time he tried it, one envied youth, who was the happy possessor of a twenty-dollar gold piece, tendered it to Pinckney in payment for a twenty-five-cent pie. The old man could not change the coin and accordingly "marked it down." That gold piece went from hand to hand every time a boy wanted a pie, and Pinckney, much against his will, had to mark it down. We ran up some immense bills, one boy whom I knew well, being especially extravagant.

Finally, in utter despair, Pinckney went to the paymaster and borrowed some change. Like Bre'r Rabbit he laid low about it! The boy against whom the big bill stood came smilingly up and tendered the double eagle as usual. Pinckney, chuckling with glee, changed the coin! There was consternation on the berth-deck, therefore, and as no

more credit was extended, the pie business languished.

Speaking of Pinckney reminds me of a failing he had. On occasions he would get gloriously drunk. When a boat comes off to a ship at night, it is hailed, and the answer depends upon the rank of the highest officer in the boat. For instance, anything below the rank of ward-room officer would answer "no, no"; the ward-room officer, "ay, ay," the captain would give the name of the ship, and the admiral would reply "flag."

The captain was ashore one night when the dash of a boat through the waves could be heard approaching the ship in the darkness. The customary hail was given, and a grave voice answered "*Constellation.*" The officer of the deck, midshipmen of the watch, and the other officers rushed to the gangway to receive the captain, who was a great stickler for all the observances due his rank. As the officers took off their caps in the direction of the voice, the black woolly head of Pinckney appeared in the gangway!

"Boatswain's mate!" cried the lieutenant, fiercely, "kindly kick this man down the fore hatch!"

Pinckney never knew how he got below until we told him in great glee the next morning. It took a lot of pies to square that situation, and to call him "Captain" made him miserable thereafter!

My first station was on the flying-jib. I was intensely proud of the position. It ranked with one of the light-yardmen, and gave me an opportunity on the extreme end of the flying-jib-boom to see the whole ship in every evolution. It was the habit of the men in the different stations to report when they were ready to perform any evolution in order that everything might be done together. The first time I got out on the flying-jib-boom to loose sail, I called out when the gaskets had been cast off the centipede, that all was ready with the flying-jib. No attention was paid to me, and as I was filled with the importance of my station, I repeated the statement, raising my voice. Still no attention. I cried a third time, and louder, with my blood up, and determined to be heard on the quarter-deck if necessary, "*All ready with the flying-jib, sir!*"

The lieutenant on the forecastle, turned around and faced me, a picture of wrath. "Come in from there, you fog-horn!" he cried, as he shook his fist at me. "I don't care a damn if the flying-jib is never ready!" I crept in in humiliation and shame, and when I was promoted to the fore-royal-yard, I contented myself, when ready, by announcing it with a wave of the hand.

Everybody was expected to take a trick at the wheel. It was monotonous work when you were simply an auxiliary to the man who was steering the ship, but when that duty and responsibility

devolved upon you, the situation was different. I have commanded a regiment of men, I have laid my hand on the throttle of a locomotive going at full speed, and I have held the reins over the back of a runaway horse, until I pulled him down, but the greatest sense of absolute physical power that ever came to me from these things, is as nothing to the feeling that possesses the man who holds the wheel of a great ship in a gale of wind.

There you stand, your legs spread far apart, your hands grasping the spokes, your eyes fixed on the swinging compass card, or taking in the shivering leeches of the topsails if you are sailing by the wind, every atom of strength in service, every nerve doing its work, sweat pouring off your forehead, the ship jumping and quivering and straining, and you holding her under control, swaying a thousand tons of wood and iron at your will—it's magnificent!

Another pleasant task that used to fall to us when we reached the able seaman stage, was heaving the lead. It was great fun to stand out in the main chains with a heavy piece of lead on the end of a long rope marked at different places to indicate the length of the lead-line. You would swing the lead to and fro at the end of perhaps ten feet of line, and presently whirl it around in great circles parallel to the ship, and cast it far forward. As it sank to the bottom the ship would rapidly draw up to it, so that when the line fell perpendic-

ularly from your hand, and the lead was on the bottom, you could call out the exact depth of the water.

In coming into port, or in threading a narrow channel in shoal water, the crew would be at their stations, the captain and first lieutenant, or executive officer, on the bridge, and everything would be perfectly silent. The first lieutenant would speak a word or two now and then to the helmsman, but the only sound that broke the splash of the waves as the ship plunged through the water, would be the voice of the leadsman in the chains. We used to deliver the call in a long-drawn singsong, which was pleasant to hear, and lingers in my memory even now.

CHAPTER VI

LIFE ON A PRACTICE SHIP

Reefing Topsails.—On the Swaying Yard-arm.—In Great Luck!—"It's the Captain."—Never Idle.—Surprise Quarters.—"Bally's Exploit."—The Flying Dutchman.—Taken for a Pirate.—A New Commandant.—General Muster.—A Spotless Ship.—Night Prayers.—The Lonely Boat.—Target Practice.—The Astonished Cat.—The Yacht Club.—A Fierce Gale.—Aloft in the Storm.—A Ghastly Accident.—Bold Surgery.

ONE of the things we did not like was to be called out at one o'clock in the morning, perhaps, in the midst of a driving rain to reef topsails. It was not pleasant to be suddenly awakened out of a sound and needed sleep by a hoarse voice bawling, "All hands reef topsails! Lively, now, my hearties, show a leg there, tumble up, lads!"

That meant a wild leap from the hammock, a jump into a pair of trousers and a blouse, and perhaps a pair of shoes if there were time, a rush up on deck in the darkness, and then one would find himself in one moment scrambling up the weather shrouds and over the futtocks, and in another laying out on the broad topsail yard-arms, the feet resting on the foot rope and the breast lying against the yard. The wind would be roaring a half gale, the rain driving upon you, chilling you to the bone, and the heavy canvas of

the topsail standing out stiff as a board beneath your numbed fingers as you strove to tie up the reef points or pass the weather ear-ring, the ship the whole time plunging and pitching in the most insane manner. Sometimes, inside of two minutes, you would have passed from your warm, dry hammock to this precarious position.

We had a saying that up aloft it was one hand for yourself and the other hand for the Government; but I have been on the topsail yard when it seemed as if the only safe thing would be hands, feet, teeth and toe-nails for yourself and let the Government go hang! If the wind came heavily it would sometimes take us a long time to get the topsails close reefed and snugged down. Then, when we reached the deck again, we would have to sway away on the topsail halliards until the sail set flat, and perhaps half of our watch in would be gone before we could go below and turn in our hammocks for another hour's rest.

Speaking of holding on aloft, reminds me of a boy who did not hold on. The officer of the deck on the *Constellation* (*i.e.*, the man who had charge of the deck during a watch), stood on a bridge which was raised some eight feet above the deck and extended from one side of the ship to the other, whence he had a fair view of the whole ship. On hot, sunny days, the bridge was covered with a light canvas awning. About thirty feet

above it was the crossjack yard (pronounced crojick).

A certain cadet who had distinguished himself aloft, one day lost foothold and handhold and fell from the yard. Fortunately, he struck the awning all sitting, the canvas tilted under the impact, and slid him gently on the deck all standing. The officer who had made the remarks derogatory to the flying jib, and who was a very slow, serious, phlegmatic man, happened to be in charge. He leaned over the rail of the bridge and looked gravely down at the dazed cadet, who mechanically saluted him and remarked that he had come on deck.

"So I see," replied the officer with rising choler, "but I would have you to know, sir, that the quarter-deck is not to be invaded in this unceremonious manner. Did you fall or did you jump?"

"I—I fell, sir," gasped the cadet, weakly.

"It is a good thing for you that you did, sir! Go forward!" said the imperturbable officer.

Some of the officers were great sticklers for rank. It is said of one of the commanders that he fell overboard while pensively gazing at the moon one night, when the ship was at anchor, and when the astonished marine guard at the gangway cried, "Man overboard!" the irate captain, floundering in the water, spluttered out, "You lie, ye lubber, it's the captain!"

As a finder of work for idle hands to do, Satan

was at a discount. The officers were abundantly able to perform his duties as far as that was concerned. We were drilled from morning until night. Target practice, small arm drill, seamanship drill, reefing topsails, making and taking in sail, crossing light yards, boat drill, abandoning ship, fire drill, and every other that could be invented were made use of. Our leisure time was *nil.*

I believe the drill we hated the most, however, was what was called "surprise quarters." The captain had a fiendish habit of awakening about 2 A.M. and quietly summoning the drummer to beat to quarters. That meant a wild leap from the hammocks and a wild dash for your station. Clothes were a matter of secondary consideration. The great-gun crews were required to cast loose their guns, load, run them out and fire them. The crew of the first gun fired usually received some reward in the way of extra privileges the following day, which were immensely prized. We made incredible time.

After a lapse of years I dare not say how many seconds after the first tap of the drum the first gun would be fired, but I do know that the quickest time that was ever made was made by No. 3 gun, commanded by a lad of my class whose nickname was "Bally." Before the drum had ceased beating, his gun in the starboard battery roared out in salute. The captain was so delighted that he sent for Bally that night and com-

plimented him before the whole crew, remarking that he believed the time had never been beaten on any ship; the cadets of the crew were promised unheard-of indulgences as a reward. The quick time was entered on the log-book.

Bally bore himself like the modest hero that he was, and we all envied him until the next morning discovered the fact that he had not stopped to run the piece out and that he had absolutely fired away the ramrod of the gun! Bally's laurels withered and he contemplated the mutability of human greatness from the vantage-point of the royal yard, whither he resorted at the suggestion of the incensed captain to meditate upon his sinfulness. The royal yard was a great place for punishment, but a sojourn upon it became monotonous after one or two experiences.

Speaking of surprise quarters, reminds me that once we had them somewhere off the New England coast. I was stationed in the foretop at the time, and had a beautiful view of it all. And a pretty scene it was, the guns sending out long lances of light followed by clouds of smoke in the darkness beneath us. The captain of the top was an old Dutchman, who had been all over the world. I can remember the yarns he used to tell, and on this night particularly he dilated on his experience with the famous *Flying Dutchman*. It was weird, indeed, to hear him tell how he had on one occasion sighted the dread ship of the grim Van

der Decken and of the appalling consequences which ensued. The last bit of realism was added when he suddenly seized my arm and pointed out to windward, remarking, in awe-struck tones, "Mein Gott in Himmel, vot ish dot!" Really my blood ran cold for a minute, until I discovered that "dot" was a large ship which had heard the promiscuous shooting and had come down to investigate the unusual occurrence, fearing a ship in distress might be signalling for help. The ship was followed by several schooners which had been actuated by the same motive, and they were very much disgusted when they found that it was only the captain amusing himself with the surprise quarters.

Two A.M. was the usual hour for getting under way, too. There was a delightful sense of uncertainty about summer cruises. One never knew what new idea would generate in the captain's mind. We were always doing surprising things. I remember one day we sighted a sail on the horizon and immediately cracked on in pursuit of it. The vessel we were chasing took no notice of us until we had drawn quite near, when she changed her course slightly. We followed suit. She changed her course again and we did the same. We had no flag hoisted, and our peculiar actions and warlike appearance had evidently awakened suspicion. She had been jogging on in a leisurely manner, but now she put on all sail to escape, and made

SEAMANSHIP DRILL.

Making sail on the old sloop-of-war *Dale*, moored at the wharf in the Severn River.

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every effort to shake us off, but it was no use, we had the heels of her and presently we ranged alongside the old bark. A row of round Dutch faces were staring at us over the bulwarks.

"Scheep ahoy!" came up the wind in a frightened voice toward us. "Vot sheep ish dot? Vat you vant?"

We replied that we were the United States ship *Constellation* and did not want anything.

"Got sei dank!" fervently ejaculated the little Dutch skipper, evidently much relieved. "I dook you for a birate!"

With mutual laughter we parted.

Sunday we had no lessons or drills and we enjoyed some little leisure time of our own, unless the weather necessitated working the ship, as was sometimes the case. Sundays on merchant ships are the same as other days, perhaps a little worse. The sailors have a rude doggerel that runs something in this way: "Six days shalt thou work and do all that thou art able; on the seventh day thou shalt work more and also scrape the cable."

On the first Sunday in the month we had general muster, weather permitting. The crew would be ranged forward in the gangway on the spar-deck, the cadets on the quarter-deck, the officers aft, the marines drawn up in line; everybody paying attention while the "Articles for the better government of the Navy of the United States," with their hideous list of death penalties would

be read. Then every member of the crew, dressed in his best suit of clothes, would be required to pass in review before the captain and executive officer. Woe be unto those who could not pass muster! After that ceremony we would "rig Church," as the phrase is, on the main-deck and so fill away the morning. In the afternoon we were generally left to ourselves. On ordinary Sunday mornings we were inspected at general quarters.

It is unnecessary to state that the ship was always kept spotlessly clean all the time. The captain and executive officer had an unpleasant habit of rubbing a white gloved hand over any object which struck their fancy, and woe to the cadet in charge if the glove bore the slightest mark of dirt upon it! When there was nothing else to do, sweepers were piped. The quantity of dust which accumulates on a ship, which is swept about every hour, is simply astonishing. Where it comes from is a mystery.

When the weather was fair, when the hammocks were piped down, we frequently had a brief moment of prayer by the chaplain—irreverently known as "Pray." The cadets would be ranged on the quarter-deck near the rails, the men forward, and the officers aft, the chaplain standing by the binnacle or compass-light, all with bared heads listening solemnly to the reverent petitions. I think it must have been a pretty sight.

There were plenty of little things happening outside the range of duty to break what some people call the monotony of the sea. One afternoon the lookout sighted something on the water and as we ran down toward it it proved to be a boat. Things seen adrift on the sea are always indicative of tragedy, and I can remember our eagerness as we swept down toward it and hove to, and sent a boat off to investigate. It was a ship's quarter-boat. There was no name or mark on it, nothing to give the slightest hint of its story unless some empty bread bags and a breaker from which had been drawn the last drop of water. It was a lonesome little object floating there, and beneath its silence perhaps lay an ocean mystery. After sailing a suitable distance away, we used it for a target and soon demolished it.

We were trained to fire in rotation and it used to be a pleasant practice. The orders ran something like this:

"Fire number one gun!"

The gun captain would take careful aim, pull the lock-string, and away the shell would go whizzing through the air toward the target. The range-finder in the top would report it.

"To the right, and over."

"Fire number two gun."

"To the left and short."

"Fire number three gun."

"Hit the target!"

"Very well done, number three!"

That was joy.

While on the subject of target practice, of course we always fired twenty-one guns on national holidays. One Fourth of July, a very hot, nasty day, we made preparations for firing the national salute. The guns of the *Dale* were all on the gun-deck and nothing was mounted on the spar-deck. The ship's cat was peacefully reposing on the spar-deck right over number one gun. She was a new cat and had had no experience with artillery.

As eight bells, twelve o'clock, struck forward, number one gun boomed out beneath her feet. She rose as if a shell had struck her, and with one wild leap through the air landed across the deck right over number two gun on the other side. The guns were fired from different sides in alternation, so she had no more than struck the deck when number two boomed out beneath her feet, also. She started back on the other side only to be met by number three, and when she was last seen in the smoke of battle, she was whirling madly around in the centre of the deck while the guns boomed out all about her.

The sight was enough to tax the equanimity of the stoutest tar. She simply had "fits" while the battery let loose. She afterward had kittens in one of the men's hammocks during his watch

on deck, and he innocently lashed the brood up in his hammock and never discovered the fact until evening, when the hammocks were piped down and he found that his sleeping apartment was lined with diminutive dead cats!

Speaking of shooting, one day at New London we were anchored in the river, when the New York Yacht Club came in on its annual cruise. The yachts dropped anchor one evening all about us, and the next morning we could hear their little guns piping in salute as they hoisted their flags. We were not in the habit of saluting at morning colors, but to do honor to the occasion, the captain ordered the biggest gun on board to be discharged. I hope he did not have to pay for the glass and crockery the concussion demolished on the yachts.

Several times while on different cruises, we were passed by the Yacht Club, and it was a glorious sight. The beautiful pleasure craft covered with clouds of canvas and filled with gayly dressed yachtsmen and women would dash by our old wagon as if we were anchored. Sometimes the different yachts would be sailed by women, which would make the sight more attractive.

The day we fired the Fourth of July salute with such disastrous effects upon the ship's cat, was a hot, mucky, nasty, misty day, and before the first dog watch we had run into one of the fiercest North Atlantic gales I ever experienced, and very

unusual indeed for the season of the year. The old hands had various experiences to relate, but all agreed it was sufficiently severe.

We had snugged down everything early in the afternoon and were lying to under reefed topsails and staysail. Late in the afternoon, it was deemed best to reduce sail further, and the hands were sent aloft for the purpose. The mizzen topsail was to be furled entirely. I was the midshipman in charge of the mizzentop. I remember that I stood on the cap directing the men and from there I had a fair view of the maintop just in front of me. The maintopmen were smarter than the mizzentopmen that afternoon, and they had all laid down from aloft except the top-keeper, a young cadet whose business it was to stay there until the yard had been hoisted again, while my men were still on the yard passing the gaskets.

The men on deck were jogging away on the maintopsail halliards, straining and tugging to raise the yard and flatten sail. The wind was roaring through the top-hamper at a perfectly terrific rate. I had on a thin rain-coat which was simply whipped to pieces before I got down, and it was absolutely impossible to hear an order from the deck or deliver a verbal report to it. Everything was done by gesture. Being on a level with the maintop, however, I was startled to hear coming across the wind, a thin cry; at the same mo-

ment one of the men at my feet called my attention to the cadet in the maintop.

The topsail halliards were rove through a large four-fold block, and the boy had thoughtlessly placed his hand on the rope running through the sheaves, under the impression that he had hold of the standing part of the fall. Unfortunately, however, he made a mistake, and before he knew it his hand had been caught between the iron sheave of the block and the rope with one hundred and fifty men pulling away on it with all their might.

He gave that one wild cry and then collapsed. Nobody heard him on deck, of course, and no one there could see him, either. We screamed like mad from the mizzen topsail yard and nobody heard us, either. The officer whose business it was to watch from the deck for signals from the mizzentop had turned away his head for a moment and it seemed to me hours before he looked up, and in compliance with our frantic gesticulations settled away the topsail halliards a little.

The top-keeper fainted instantly his hand was released and he lay a limp body rolling around in the swaying top. Three or four cadets sprang into the main rigging in obedience to our motions, recognizing at once that something was the matter. When they gained the top they fastened the luckless lad to a top-burton and lowered him swiftly to the deck.

It was necessary to operate at once. The boy was laid on the ward-room table and held by a half-dozen cadets, who lay with their breasts upon the table and their feet braced against the state-room bulkheads, while the anæsthetics were administered. The ship was rolling and pitching tremendously. Some of us had to hold on to the surgeon also, to keep him steady. The operation, under such difficulties, was the most brilliant and skilful piece of surgery that has ever come under my observation.* The boy lost three fingers, and it was fortunate that he did not lose the whole hand.

* Last summer at Cape May I met the surgeon who performed the operation twenty years before. He is in civil practice now, but recalled the incident perfectly, and with evident pride.

CHAPTER VII

EXPERIENCES BITTER AND OTHERWISE

Savage Dentistry.—A Lucky Move.—A Narrow Escape.—Hardships on a Leaky Ship.—Squalls.—Breakers Ahead.—Man Overboard.—Fire.—A Collision.—The Aftermath.—Tacking Ship the First Time.—Disgraced.—Sweeping Over the Spuds.—Another Failure.—Success at Last.—Marvellous Navigation.—All Hands Overboard.—"Jack Sharkee."

ACCIDENTS were always liable to happen on shipboard, especially in consideration of the great pressure and strain to which everything was subjected in heavy weather. I remember on one occasion, a lot of us were hauling away on the fall of a light tackle which had been clapped on to a heavy hawser. The iron hook of the block broke, and one of the pieces flew across the deck and struck a man in the jaw, cutting a piece out of his lip, knocking out three or four of his teeth, and nearly killing him with the blow.

At another time I was standing astride of a hawser, which was under a tremendous strain, and had only just stepped from across it by direction of the officer of the forecastle, when the rope parted with a loud crack, and the two ends flew by me with terrific force. One of them would have torn me to pieces if I had not changed my position.

I remember a story of a cadet who, on one occa-

sion, was standing immediately under the main-yard, a very heavy spar, which had just been swayed aloft to its place, but which had not yet been fully secured. The heavy fall of the tackle which had been used to sway it aloft was coiled down on the deck. Suddenly the temporary fastenings holding the yard commenced to give way. With one glance aloft the middy saw his danger, and making a desperate backward leap, landed in the centre of the coil of rope. He had sense enough to stand perfectly still, while the rope, as the yard fell, whirled around him like a lightning flash. If it had caught his arm or his clothes, or any other part of his body, probably he would have been instantly jerked to death. As the yard came crashing down to the deck, he fell over in a dead faint.

At one time, when stationed on the flying-jib-boom making some repairs or alterations to the sail, I had an open sheath-knife in my hand, the blade of which was very sharp. An unexpected pitch of the ship caused me to lose my hold. I instinctively caught at the flying-jib-stay with the hand which held the knife, and nearly cut it open by the pressure of my grip on the stay and the blade. The sharp pain caused me to relax my grasp, and I immediately fell, just saving myself from going overboard by catching the foot rope with my knees. It was all-providential, for I could not possibly

have done it again, nor do I now understand it. At any rate I did not fall. If I had gone down immediately in front of the bow of the rapidly moving ship I should have been struck, and that would have probably been the last of me. I finished the job in short order, but when I came on the forecastle I was completely unnerved. It seems to me that my life has been providentially preserved many times. I suppose everyone's has, but I seem to have noticed and remembered it.

We experienced several severe storms on the different cruises. In one we were obliged to lay to for a long period. The bobstays were carried away, the dolphin-striker followed suit, the cutwater was badly damaged, and the "jackasses" washed out of the hawse-pipes. We had to secure the bowsprit by reeving the sheet chain through the open hawse-pipes, and then filling them up with improvised hawse-bags. The ship was leaking, and filled with water between decks from the hawse-pipes. There was no dry place to sleep, everywhere was wet. It was impossible to light a fire in the galley stove, and we lived on hardtack alone. We did tours of duty at the pumps, and of all the exhausting labors that can fall to the lot of a man, pumping out a ship is the worst. It was nearly impossible to go aloft, or even to keep one's feet on the deck, and if it had not been for the life-lines which had been rigged, the men would have gone overboard. When the

gale abated, we finally managed to rig up a satisfactory arrangement forward to serve until we reached port.

One of the most exciting things that would happen would be a sudden squall. There was racing and chasing then to get the canvas off the ship before the wind came. Once we were taken aback, and the water got suspiciously near the taffrail over the stern before the ship paid off and the danger was averted.

We had false alarms, too, which were just as exciting in a way. One misty day out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, we were startled by wild cries of "Breakers ahead! Breakers on the port bow! Breakers to starboard!" It was simply impossible for a breaker to be within a thousand miles of us, but at the first cry all hands ran to their stations, and there, sure enough, was a long line of foaming breakers. We soon found it was only a "tide rip" after all, but while it lasted the sensations were genuine.

"Man overboard!" used to be a favorite cry. There would be a great splash in the water, and somebody would shriek "Man overboard!" In an instant the decks would be swarming with men, but there would be no confusion whatever. Every man would be directed to his station, and in another instant there would be a perfect silence on the ship. A life buoy would be cast adrift, the life-boat crew would lay aft on the run, the ship

would be hove to or other necessary evolutions performed, and the boat in the water in an incredibly short time. Only once did a man really fall overboard, and he was easily picked up, but the emotions were just the same. We never could tell whether it was a real alarm or no.

We used to have fire quarters too, at all sorts of hours. One never gets used to such a drill either, and we always sprang to our stations with a little throb of anxiety, not satisfied until we were piped down. I well remember one time, when a faint, thin stream of smoke trickled out of the fore-hatch, what my feelings were until the only real approach to a conflagration I ever saw had been put out. A fire at sea must be a terrible experience indeed.

One day we were putting out of New York Harbor. The Government did not allow us the luxury of a pilot, and the captain was taking the ship out himself. The wind was light and at one critical moment the ship failed to come around against the tide and the current. At the time I was lying ill in my hammock, on the berth-deck. There was no one on deck with me except the midshipman in charge and a half dozen "boys" (negroes, servants), who were stationed there in getting under way, to haul to the compressor in case it became necessary to let go the anchor.

The anchor-chains were coiled away in huge receptacles called chain-lockers, below decks and

right amidships. The chain ran through an opening in the deck above, and was prevented from running violently out by a huge sickle-shaped piece of iron which lay flat against the ceiling; when the tackle on the end of the compressor was hauled taut it pressed the chain firmly against the iron chain pipe and held it.

I lay near the hatchway and the hurried orders on deck were perfectly audible and easily understood. When the ship failed to come around on the other tack she began to drift down the harbor. Before she could be got under control she went crashing into a huge iron freighter coming up. We heard the orders and were prepared. I had just thrust one leg out of the hammock when the crash came. With a horrible sound the port side just abaft the foremast was stove in almost to the water-line. The ship reeled from the blow. Amid the breaking timbers the iron prow of the other ship was plainly visible.

Simultaneously with the impact there was a black flash of lightning up the hatchway. The negroes had fled in a body. The midshipman in charge and I were preparing to follow suit when the starboard anchor was let go, and someone bawled down the hatchway, "Haul to the compressor!" It was ordinarily done by a dozen men, but fear lent to two boys the strength of the dozen. We jerked that compressor over as it had never been hauled before, and securely

belaying the fall we followed the darkies on deck.

All was confusion. The bowsprit of the vessel we had collided with was jammed in between the forward swifter of the foreshrouds and the mast itself. The two vessels were swinging in the tide and the foremast was shaking like a whip. I think over twenty tugs were around us in a few moments, everyone heaving us a towing line which some eager hands, in spite of orders, were fastening to a bitt or some convenient point. We were boys enough to enjoy the situation, and it was only after the sternest commands, backed by personal supervision of the officers and the free use of axes to cut away some of the fasts, that we succeeded in casting off the useless lines and were finally extricated from our exciting position.

We fondly hoped that we would return to dry-dock and re-fit, and that opportunity for shore leave would be abundant, but alas, no! We went down the harbor to a convenient place, and, careening the ship, spent the next two weeks in repairing her ourselves in the broiling sun of August.

In due course I finally arrived at the dignity of officer of the watch! I well remember the first time I was called upon to tack ship. I had rehearsed the necessary orders with the fullest comprehension time and again in the quiet of the class-room, but when I took the trumpet, mounted to the horse-block on the *Dale*—she was not large

enough for a bridge—and started to put the theory in practice, I found it was an entirely different affair. The heavy sails rattling and slatting on the ponderous yards, the crew waiting for your orders, the ship pitching to and fro, were somewhat daunting. The captain, a man about six feet high with a dark Mephistophelian cast of countenance, stood behind me leaning against the iron rail of the horse-block making disparaging remarks on the situation.

I got the ship up into the wind all right, but there she hung dead in irons, the captain remarking, *sotto voce*, "This is a nice tack you are making, sir. You will probably get around before the next watch is called [some four hours later]. This is a wonderful piece of seamanship on your part, sir." Of course, I should have paid no attention, but unfortunately I did. After the ship got in irons I frankly confessed that I did not know how to get her about. Finally I was summarily dismissed from the horse-block, and the officer of the deck worked the ship around on the other tack. One of my preceptors in seamanship was an old boatswain's mate named Morris. He was heartbroken over my open disgrace. So was I!

Another time I tried it on the *Dale* again. We were rather over-manned, and were provisioned for a long cruise. We had no room at the davits for the dingy, a small supernumerary boat, and

she was stowed aft on the quarter-deck with several barrels of potatoes standing in her. I started to tack ship, but against a heavy sea she failed to come around, though I was not in fault, and the captain remarked that I would better box-haul, an obsolete practice which was thought very good for the youngsters. It consisted in turning the head of the ship away from the wind, backing her up into the wind and then swinging her around on the other tack again, the course making a sort of a round "W."

Of course, the first thing to do was to brace a-box the head-yards and ease off the spanker-sheet, so that the force of the wind against that fore and aft sail would not keep her stern from coming around. I forgot to do this very important thing, and the spanker, full of wind, stood out like an iron board. The captain in deep disgust watched me for a while as I stood wondering why the ship did not fall off and finally turned and walked aft to the lee side of the quarter-deck. As he stepped behind the mast I followed him with my eyes and detected the cause of the failure of the evolution. Without thinking of the consequences I bawled out "Let go the spanker-sheet!" The cadets of the after guard were only too willing.

Eager hands threw the rope off the belaying pin and the spanker-boom swept out to leeward like a catapult. It struck the potato barrels in the dingy fair and square, hove them overboard

and scattered their contents far and wide over the ocean. It also just missed striking the captain fair and square as well! He came darting out from the lee of the mast just escaping the flying-boom with an agility astonishing in one of his years; looking toward the cadet, who stood petrified on the horse-block, he shouted, in a great rage, "Did you do that on purpose, sir?" I was summarily dismissed again.

Another time I tried it, the officer of the deck, unknown to me, told the helmsman to cross my order. It was a favorite trick to see what we would do. With the helm pulling the ship one way and the sails driving her another, it was impossible to perform the evolution. I could not think what was the matter until I discovered by looking down at the wheel that my order had not been obeyed. When I inquired in no mild tone of voice why I had not been obeyed, the helmsman remarked that the first lieutenant had ordered him to put the helm the other way. Instead of tamely acquiescing in the situation as was usual, I proceeded to berate him for disregarding my orders, saying that so long as I was in charge of the deck I was in command, and if I gave any orders they were to be obeyed, and so forth. "There, there, Mr. Brady," remarked the captain, "cease this talk about the prerogatives of your exalted station and confine your attention to getting the ship on the starboard tack again!"

They were bitter experiences, but I could never forget the joy that filled my soul when I finally did succeed in tacking the great *Constellation* successfully for the first time, and a beautiful tack it was too, much to the delight of Mike Morris. All the cadets had similar experiences, and it was only through a succession of failures that we learned to handle the frigate.

We had the same sort of trouble with our navigation. I remember the first time I worked out a sight of the sun, the result of my calculations located the ship on the plateau of Thibet; an achievement, the navigator remarked, which did great credit to my imagination, if nothing else.

One of our favorite relaxations was to heave the ship to in the second dog-watch, and all hands go in swimming. A boat would be manned and stationed alongside for emergencies, and the lower studding sail-boom dropped until the out-board end reached the water, making a convenient way overboard. The bolder spirits, disdaining the boom, used to dive from the rail or the rigging, and only the failure to receive permission prevented them from attempting it from the main-yard-arm.

Of course we did not dare to do any swimming when there were sharks about. Of all the hateful sights in the sea the ugly three-cornered fin of a shark, "Jack sharkee," is the worst. We saw lots of them, and several times fished for them, but

never with any success, for the beastly pirate usually got away with the bait, hook, and everything else. It was a hideous, blood-curdling thing to see one turn on his back, exposing his white belly, and snap up a lump of pork or beef with his wicked, cruel-looking jaws. Sometimes one would follow the ship for several days to the great disquiet of the superstitious sailors.

The sharks were frequently preceded by a peculiar little fish called the pilot fish, and the two would invariably stay together in strange partnership. We saw lots of whales, or black fish tumbling about in large schools in the water, playing and gamboling on the surface, leaping high out of the water and falling back with a tremendous splash, then sending their jets high up in the air. There were schools of porpoises, dolphins, bonita, blue fish, giant turtles and flying fish, these last often dropped exhausted on the decks. Once in a while a great sea-turtle would lumber across our path. Indeed, the water teemed with life in strange forms, and a little watch over the side almost always brought a surprise.

CHAPTER VIII

FUN ASHORE

The Dolphin-Striker.—Fishing à la Neptune.—Deep Water Denizens.—Sea Hazing.—Never There. Exhausting the Repertoire.—Two Dinners.—F—— and the Yankee Maiden.—The Crew and the Cow.—Hospitality.—The Hunters Hunted.—A Hop on Deck.—How we made the Boat.—Blasting Preliminaries.—A Solitary Kindness.—Spuds and Sally.—The Ship's Barber.—Music Hath no Charms.—An Awful Come Down.

It was not all work on board ship, however, and sometimes we had our hours of fun and play. For instance, here is a novel method of fishing we indulged in whenever we got the chance. From the bowsprit of the ship a long straight spar, called aptly enough the dolphin-striker, depends perpendicularly toward the water. Ropes lead to the end of this spar from the jib-boom, flying-jib-boom, and the whisker-booms, some of which, by the way, are called martingales, like the straps on a horse's bridle, and the end of the dolphin-striker, where these ropes and bob-stays clustered, afforded a convenient standing-place.

When we ran into a school of porpoises, as we frequently did, they would play for hours around the forefoot of the ship, keeping just ahead of us, no matter now fast or how slow we would be going. A pretty sight they would make tossing and leap-

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ing around the cut-water, lifting their brown backs out of the water in graceful curves; and almost the greatest sport we enjoyed was to stand on the martingales, with one arm grasping the dolphin-striker, and the other holding a "grange," a barbed trident on the end of a long handle, with which we tried to harpoon the fish. Unless one were expert it was almost impossible to dart the spear down quickly enough to catch the porpoise.

The fisherman would invariably just miss the quarry, until he would learn to judge a probable rise of the fish before it was made, and then so accurately cast the "grange" that the fish and the barbs would meet at the same moment, just when the brown back cleared the water. Of course a line from the ship would be fastened to the weapon, so that when the fish were properly speared they could easily be drawn on deck. There was enough uncertainty and failure about it to make it a noble game.

We used to catch bonita by fastening a bright pewter spoon by its balancing-point near a hook on the end of a line of sufficient length so that when it was made fast to the whisker-boom the spoon would just touch the surface of the water. If the ship was going rapidly the spoon would whirl and glisten on the waves in a way that was apparently very tempting to the greedy fish.

Another method of amusing ourselves, and varying the monotony of aimless cruising, con-

sisted in initiating the newly joined cadets in the intricate customs of sea-life. I remember one lank lad from the country, whom we used to put in the chain-locker, a huge box containing the anchor-chains, located down in the very bowels of the ship, with instructions for him to clank the chains mournfully together, remarking the while that he was not mad, "most noble Festus," or words to that effect. One night we were enjoying this performance excessively when the executive officer interrupted the proceedings by remarking, from the hatchway above:

"Now, young gentlemen, if Mr. C. has recited enough poetry to gratify your thirst for rhythm for one evening, don't you think you would better knock off and turn in?"

We scurried away from the place in a hurry, for to be caught at such practices invited dismissal.

I remember on another occasion that the "plebes" were being put through a course of "sprouts" for going on the forecastle, which was regarded as especially sacred to the upper-classmen, as being the quarter-deck of the seamen. One bold youngster who was stationed on the forecastle at general quarters essayed to stave off the impending trouble by mildly remonstrating and remarking that he personally belonged on the forecastle.

"Yes," said the captain of the forecastle, a very

enterprising cadet, "you do belong there, but inasmuch as you are never to be found at your post of duty when you are wanted, you will have to take your medicine with the rest." All of which was very hard.

But most of our fun was on shore. Naturally after a six weeks' or two months' diet of ship's fare, our first consideration when we set foot on land anywhere was to gratify our appetites for something to eat. Once when we landed at New London four of us immediately made for an ice-cream saloon. We solemnly entered and took our places. The solitary waitress informed us that they had four kinds of cream—strawberry, orange, vanilla, and chocolate. We all took strawberry; when we had finished that we ordered orange; when we had finished the second plate we ordered chocolate. The maid was in a state of nervous collapse when we ended the orgie by ordering—and eating, too—a plate of vanilla apiece! Like Alexander, we sighed thereafter because we had exhausted the bill of fare.

After another cruise some of us dined at the Astor House. When we had finished the elaborate dinner, somebody suggested that we go through the menu again, which we all gravely proceeded to do, subsequently paying for two dinners apiece for our fun.

Boylike, we used to endeavor to ingratiate ourselves in the favor of the young girls of the dif-

ferent places where we landed, especially up along the New England coast, and frequently we tried this without the formality of an introduction. There was one particular youth who fancied himself an expert at this game, and this is what happened to him on one memorable occasion. We landed a boat party at a little Connecticut village one afternoon to do some surveying. In the course of our wanderings we came across a farmhouse in which there lived a very pretty and apparently unsophisticated girl. When we had taken our departure from the house, F—— lingered behind, and when we reached the shore and prepared to embark he was nowhere to be found.

After waiting a reasonable time for him, the officer in charge suggested that we go and look for him. Accordingly the whole party retraced its steps. When we reached the farm-yard we found F—— metaphorically and literally up a large apple-tree. There was a huge, ferocious dog barking frantically at the foot of the tree, and the unsophisticated little maiden was seated quietly on the porch enjoying the situation and sternly disregarding F——'s pleas to be released. F—— had attempted to flirt with her, and she had very properly "sicked" the dog on him.

We lined up outside the fence, took off our caps to the merry young lady in genuine admiration, and then took in the situation. Presently the officer directed F—— to come down and rejoin

the party at once. He naturally demurred on account of the dog on the ground. The officer, with a twinkle in his eye, ordered F—— to report immediately or face a charge of disobedience of orders. The girl, seeing the predicament of the flirtatious cadet, mercifully relented, called off the dog, and the crestfallen F—— clambered down from his perch and rejoined the boat's crew. He was cured, and, although he became a confirmed misogynist, he never heard the last of it.

One day a shore party was detailed to land on one of the little islands in Buzzard's Bay, to see if they could get some fresh milk for the captain from one of the cows running loose on the island. A cow was soon captured without much difficulty by the seamen, who proceeded to fasten her in the most ship-shape style. They clapped a tackle on each leg and bowsed it taut, rove a whip from her tail to a tree, and then attempted to milk the cow.

The intricate profession of seamanship does not include instruction in the gentle art of milking cows, and this particular cow promptly resented the blundering attempts of the tars. With an astonishing display of vigor, she kicked herself free from the tackles, and proceeded to make things interesting for the shore party. The captain, who watched the whole performance from the ship, was much disgusted, remarking that with half a dozen cows like that he could clean out the whole ship's

company. He got no milk for his coffee that day.

The hospitality of the Yankees is supposed to be proverbial. One day a party of us went ashore on a little island in Buzzard's Bay and asked a woman at a farm-house to give us a glass of milk. There were four or five of us, and she gave each of us a glass from a large can which she had. We had supposed the milk was a gift, but as we turned away after thanking her we were met with a demand for some coin of the realm. Not having any "coin of the realm," one of us was compelled to give up his jack-knife in liquidation of the claim.

Speaking of milk and the prowess of the cow reminds me of a certain greased pig whose acquaintance I made. We had athletic sports on shore on Thanksgiving Day, which usually terminated in the chase of a greased pig. Two men from each mess were appointed to chase the pig, and the mess whose representatives succeeded in corralling the animal had roast pig for supper that night.

The masters of the revels in this instance, instead of procuring the usual tame, fat, sleepy "porker," got from somewhere in the South a razor-back hog, as lively as a deer and as thin as a rail. They left him without food or drink for some time, so that when he was turned loose on the parade ground he was in first-class fighting

trim. That pig didn't wait to be chased. He made for the chasers the very minute he saw them, and of all the exciting times in which I ever participated that was the worst. He was finally run down and overpowered, but the unfortunate mess got very little satisfaction from his gaunt sides.

Sometimes we had a party on shipboard. It usually took place at Fortress Monroe. The decks would be enclosed with awnings and flags, and the music would be arranged from the inevitable fiddlers and accordion players among the crew, and boats would be sent to the wharves to bring off the fair, and a gala time would ensue. Fortress Monroe was always our most delightful stopping-place. Girls were plenty and opportunities likewise. The cadets were always welcome at the hotel, and we neglected no opportunity to improve the shining hour.

I know one cadet who spent one afternoon strolling around the ramparts of the fort with a very charming little maiden from New Orleans. The lapse of time was completely unnoticed by either of the two. It was the culmination of an acquaintance of several days, for the young lady was to leave that afternoon, and the practice ship was to sail the next morning. The two young people were aroused from their—shall I say devotions?—by the stern voice of the young lady's brother.

"Daisy!" he exclaimed, "what have you been doing? Where have you been? Mother is al-

most crazy! We have looked everywhere for you and the Norfolk boat is about to leave. I doubt if we can catch it."

"It's my fault," cried the cadet, gallantly, "but we'll get the boat all right. You take one hand and I will take the other, and we'll get there easily."

The garrison, the tourists on shore, the guests of the hotel, and the loungers on the porches of the hotels, were astonished at seeing two young lads rushing madly toward the boat with a young girl fairly streaming out behind them like a banner from a staff. They reached the boat safely, however, and pitched the bedraggled young maiden on board in a breathless heap just as the gangplank was dragged in. The girl's mother stood on the upper deck looking daggers at the unbeaten but exhausted cadet.

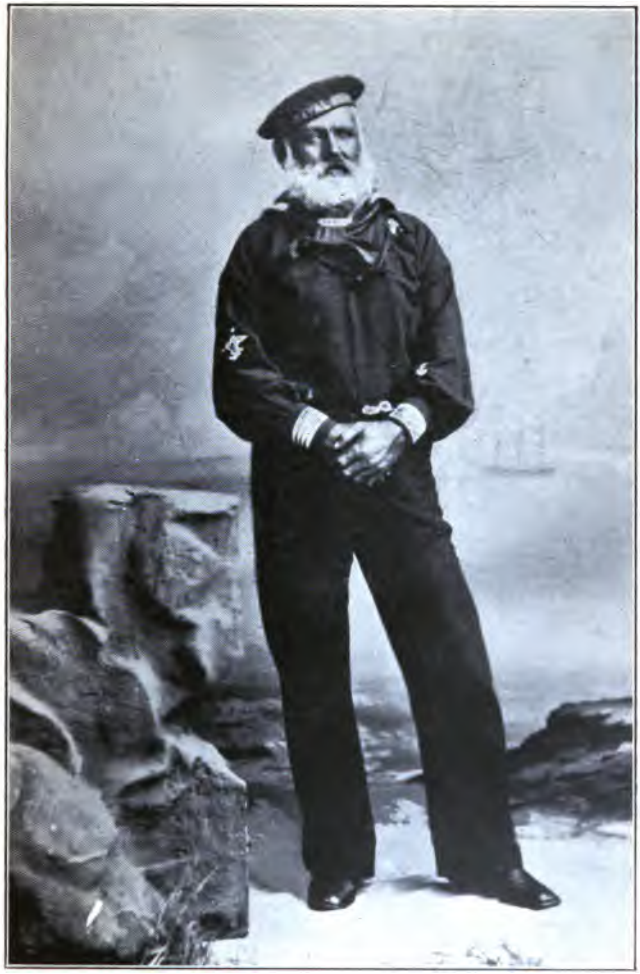
Near the end of one of our cruises we dropped anchor at Fortress Monroe. We were simply wild to go ashore. We had made some pleasant acquaintances at Old Point at the beginning of the voyage, which we were anxious to renew, so a deputation called on the captain and asked, in a most humble manner, permission to have shore leave for the afternoon and evening. The captain was unusually complaisant and gracious.

"Certainly," he said, "certainly, young gentlemen. I shall be very glad to give you leave after the exercises of the day are over." We beamed

upon him with gratitude until he remarked apropos of those exercises, "For our day's work we will now proceed to shift topmasts!" There was no more arduous labor that could have been given us than shifting topmasts. We worked from eight o'clock in the morning until six at night over heavy spars, and then with breaking backs, strained arms, and bruised fingers we were in no mood for the gayeties of the hotel.

I remember on one occasion in a very inviting port I was quarantined for some boyish foolishness, and was most anxious to go ashore. I asked the captain if I might not have permission to land and take a bath. "Bath!" he replied, scornfully, "when I was a reefer, I never took a bath except over the side! Can't you do the same?" I hesitated a moment and he continued, "It is not a bath you are after, is it?" I confessed frankly that I had some friends I wished to see. The captain laughed and for a wonder relented and allowed me to go.

We had a captain on one cruise who rejoiced in the name of "Spuds." His executive officer was called "Sally"; for what reason these names had been originally bestowed it was difficult to find out. Both were capable and experienced officers, one of them did splendid service at Manila, while the other efficiently commanded a vessel in the Cuban blockade in the last war, but we hated "Spuds" for a captain, and we didn't love



A TYPICAL OLD JACK TAR.

Mike Morris, Chief Boatswain's Mate, United States Navy.
Our preceptor in "knot-and-splice" seamanship.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR[illegible]
TILDEN FOU[illegible]

"Sally" for a first luff. Why, I cannot exactly remember, either. I suppose it was because neither would tolerate any nonsense on our part.

After we had written up in our journals all the events of the day we handed them in to the captain as was required. One unfortunate cadet made a mistake and handed in his private journal instead of the public one. In the pages of it he had discoursed feelingly upon the misfortune of having "Spuds" for a captain, and "Sally" for a first luff.

The cold chills run down my spine even now when I think of the tone of voice in which the captain addressed me, and asked me why the cadets called him "Spuds," and the executive officer "Sally"! He remarked that, so far as he was concerned, it was a matter of indifference to him what he was called, but he wanted it to be distinctly understood that I should pass the word among the cadets that no man on any ship commanded by him should be called "Sally!" The other midshipmen who overheard the conversation, which the captain took no pains to conceal, greatly enjoyed the situation. It was filled with terror to me.

We had a ship's barber whose name I forget, but he was always known as "Polly," because of a fancied resemblance to the officer I have referred to, who was always called "Polly." One of the cadets happened to address the barber by his

nickname in the presence of the officer for whom he was named. He was totally unable to explain to the officer in any adequate way how it was the name happened to be applied to the barber, in spite of searching questions. This, too, was an enjoyable situation for the bystanders.

That barber was as deaf as a post. When we got under way, he was called upon, with other idlers, to man the capstan bars. He was of a musical turn of mind and heartily joined in the ringing choruses with which we broke out the anchor. The noise we made on one occasion became very unpleasant to the first lieutenant, who was not musical. The officer called down the main hatch that the singing should cease. We stopped, of course, that is, all but poor old "Polly B." He kept on singing and heaving away in spite of the lieutenant's repeated and frantic orders. The rest of us were so busy listening to the music above and below that nobody cautioned the barber until we stopped heaving. The first lieutenant packed him ashore forthwith the next day, and for a time we did without any ship's barber.

We had a ship's bugler on one cruise, and he was undoubtedly the worst bugler I ever heard. Whenever we landed it was a regular thing to have a marine take the bugler to the most lonesome and most inaccessible spot on shore where he could be undisturbed and have him practice

blowing the calls. Such wailings and catawaulings as he got out of that horn I never heard. Finally, in utter disgust, the executive officer took his bugle from him and made him a poor gun-deck sweeper! We got along without any bugling after that.

CHAPTER IX

IN SUNSHINE AND IN FOG

An Epic of the Laundry.—Having Fun with the Wash.—Running the Gauntlet.—The Rival Captains.—Letters from Home.—"Keep a Little Farther Off."—A Fog Apparition.—Icebergs!—Black Jack's Pluck.—An Ill-provided Ship.—A Sailor's Ingenuity.—A Cast of the "Dipsey" Lead.—"I Pulled Him, Suh!"—The Painter.—A Cargo of Melons.—A High Time in Vineyard Sound.—The End.

ONE day we dropped anchor in the harbor of Portland. We had been at sea some six or seven weeks in the *Constellation* and no opportunity for having our clothes washed had hitherto presented itself. The midshipmen-mess officers contracted with a local laundry to do the cadets' washing. Word was passed on shipboard, and all hands immediately filled their laundry bags to be sent on shore.

One of the iron-clad requirements of the cruise was that everybody's clothes should be properly marked. The injunctions had been generally complied with. The clothes were all marked and each man's laundry was accompanied by a proper list. The pile of clothes for six weeks for one hundred and seventy-five cadets was an enormous one, and when it was landed on the wharf it evidently staggered the laundryman.

That afternoon we sailed on a little excursion along the coast and came back after a week's absence. Boats were sent ashore to get the laundry, which was brought off done up in neat bundles, each one marked with a cadet's name. As we were getting under way at once the bundles were passed below and not opened until we got to sea. When we were clear of the harbor word was passed for the cadets to go below and put away their wash. We opened the bundles on the berth-deck.

The magnitude of the task had absolutely overwhelmed the laundryman evidently, and while the things had been washed in some fashion, though most of the articles had not been starched or ironed, he had been utterly unable to sort them out properly. My particular bundle contained a couple of dozen of hammock sheets and nothing else; another man rejoiced in the possession of quantities of collars, or a selected line of underwear, or bags of handkerchiefs, or unknown numbers of socks!

The matter might have been straightened out, however, if one of the cadets, playfully indignant over the occurrence, had not genially hove his bundle, of towels, for instance, at the next man's head. A return in kind was immediately made, and in five minutes we were pummelling each other with the wash in wild confusion. The deck was soon covered with an indistinguishable mass

of articles of wearing apparel, from which, when the excitement died down, each boy chose what he would, according to his fancy, and then went to work to effect changes by barter and sale and thus secure some excuse for a complete outfit.

All marks were disregarded. For instance, one lad would engineer a corner in collars of assorted sizes, and by trading a collar for a pair of socks, a handkerchief, or any other article of wearing apparel, get other things he needed. The socks might not be mates, indeed it was preferred that they should not be. It took us hours to evoke any sort of order out of the chaos, and when matters had settled down and the clothing had been distributed in some fashion, we discovered that at least one-half of it had not come back!

We went back to Portland again a week after, and the laundryman came off to the ship when we dropped anchor with a handful of bills. By the captain's orders the unfortunate man was sent below to the berth-deck, where we were congregated ready for him. He had an interesting quarter of an hour and left the ship in terror of his life, followed by a shower of bills for missing articles, which we had been industriously preparing at odd moments during the week. We were a queerly dressed lot, as far as linen, hosiery, and underwear were concerned, during the rest of the cruise.

The captain had a tantalizing way of taking us into all sorts of delightful harbors and coming out again without dropping anchor even. We would felicitate ourselves that this time we were sure to get ashore, when orders would be given and out we would go, just having taken a look around. "Spuds" soon found out that we didn't love him, and the knowledge did not improve his disposition. When we made New York Harbor for the first time after a long cruise it can easily be imagined how anxious we were to reach our anchorage, get the mail, and have shore leave. Off the mouth of the channel we were met by a tug-boat which offered to tow us to our landing-place at Tompkinsville for seventy-five dollars. The captain replying in the negative, the skipper of the tug abated his price by degrees until his modest demand only amounted to twenty-five dollars. We would have cheerfully paid the amount out of our depleted exchequer, but the captain still refused, remarking at last that he had one hundred and fifty young men on board who desired nothing better than to work the ship up the harbor unaided. The big tugman was mad. From the deck of his tossing little craft he surveyed the captain, a very tall, dark-complexioned man.

"Well, what are you anyhow?" he shouted, angrily. "A damned Portuguese!"

The captain disdained to reply, but we took

some comfort out of the tugman's scurrilous remarks.

All day long we beat up the channel and did not reach our anchorage until nightfall. We were met in the course of the afternoon by a steam launch from the New York Navy Yard, carrying our mail in huge bags. The bags were taken below to the captain's cabin, and not until we had reached our destination late in the evening were the letters distributed. The midshipman mate of the deck followed the simple practice of calling out the names of the letters as he ran over them, and every boy crowded through the mass of struggling cadets to get what was due him. How we prized those letters! They gave us news from home, of course.

Our first thought when we entered a port was news, and the officers used to hail the pilot-boats to find out what was going on in the world. During one of my cruises President Garfield was shot, and one of the first questions that would be asked would be, "How is the President of the United States?" I was on the *Dale* at that time, and we were cruising in company with the *Constellation*, which was the flagship of the little squadron. The *Dale* overhauled a shore boat one afternoon and learned that the President was better. Our captain immediately rushed his ship toward the *Constellation*. By a piece of bold and splendid seamanship we sailed past the stern of the latter

ship so closely that you could have tossed a biscuit aboard of her. The commodore came out on deck, and our captain saluted him in this way:

"Good-afternoon, Captain McN——, the President of the United States is better."

"Thank you," remarked the captain, testily. "Keep a little farther off!"

That also delighted us, and we made use of the harmless phrase, "Keep a little farther off" whenever we legitimately could in the course of ordinary conversation in the captain's hearing.

Speaking of sailing near the *Constellation* reminds me of an incident in a fog. We had been poking along under easy sail in the midst of a dense fog for several days, blowing the fog-horn and ringing the ship's bell assiduously, to let any vessels which might be in our vicinity know of our presence, when suddenly out of the fog, close aboard of us, rose the bow of a big iron sailing ship. She had come into view as silently as the mist itself, and, without a moment's warning, rushed down upon us. They had blown no horn, rung no bell, made no sound.

The officer of the deck at the time, known among us as "Black Jack," was a thorough seaman. Without a second's hesitation he gave the proper orders, shifted the helm, and the big white ship rushed by our quarter, her side almost touching us—a fearfully narrow escape. In a few

seconds she had faded away in the enshrouded sea. It was almost like a dream.

During that fog we got into close proximity to some icebergs, but the chill they gave to the atmosphere warned us of their presence. We gave them a wide berth, and could just see them dimly gleaming through the mist-laden atmosphere.

Speaking of "Black Jack" reminds me of a plucky act of his one night at New London. The officers were going to a dance on shore that evening and "Black Jack" was arrayed in the fullest of full dress for the occasion. Just before they entered the launch a shore party of sailors came aboard. Among them was a great big six-foot negro who was just full enough of whiskey to be reckless and insulting. As they were being searched by the master-at-arms the way the negro went for the officer looking on was a caution. "Black Jack" stood it for a little while, and finally ordered the man to keep quiet. The negro, by way of reply, struggled forward and aimed a blow at him.

"Black Jack" was a little man, but his muscles were made of steel, likewise his heart. He didn't wait a second. Instead of summoning the marine guard to his assistance, he seized the negro by the collar of his shirt, whirled him about, rushed him forward over the deck, and pitched him bodily down the fore hatch before the man knew what

had happened to him. Then he
the master-at-arms to put the rec
the brig. He turned then and
off his white gloves, which had
the scuffle, sent a midshipman to
for another pair, and went quietly off to the man.
We loved him for that exploit.

That fog I spoke of reminds me of a curious incident. We had enjoyed fair weather for some two weeks and at the end of that time ran into the tail end of a fog which we afterward learned had been lying over the ocean for some time. When it broke the day after we ran into it, we found we were some distance away from a large Swedish merchant ship. As soon as she made us out she hoisted a set of international signals, giving her name, nationality, and afterward asking a question which we immediately made out by means of the signal book.

She had been without an observation for some ten days, owing to the fog and bad weather, and desired us to give her the latitude and longitude, that she might know her position. By a singular oversight we had gone to sea without the flags of the international code, though we did have the signal book.

How to answer her question was a problem, the solution of which finally occurred to the navigating officer. A great tarpaulin—which is a piece of canvas tarred and varnished—which had been

used to cover the boom-boats, *i.e.*, the larger small boats, which were stowed amid-ships on deck instead of being suspended from davits, was stretched along the deck. With a huge lump of carpenter's chalk the navigator wrote the latitude and longitude in letters and figures about six feet high on the black surface. The tarpaulin was then triced up between the fore- and mainmasts. The inquiring Swedes with their glasses could easily read the figures. Signalling "Thank you," to which they would have added a gigantic laugh at our ingenuity if the code had provided for it, they went on their way rejoicing. It was a singular state of affairs for a United States ship to go to sea without any signal flags.

Speaking of fog reminds me of one occasion when we had been knocking around about the coast for several days without being able to get an observation to find out where we were. The night fell dark and stormy, and the captain became uneasy as to his position, and determined to get a cast of the deep-sea lead, if possible, to get what assurance he could by ascertaining the depth of the water.

Now the deep-sea lead—pronounced "dipsey," by the way—is a very heavy piece of lead at the end of a very long line, and the method of heaving it is this: the lead is taken forward outside of everything, men are stationed on the rail of the ship, each one with a little coil of the lead line in

his hand. The ship is then hove to. The lead is dropped overboard by the first man forward, with the cry of "Watch ho, watch!" The next man allows his coil to run out of his hand slowly until it is exhausted, then it passes to the third man, and so on, the same cry, "Watch ho, watch!" being repeated in succession. The line is allowed to drop slowly until the lead touches bottom, which fact is known by the stoppage of the pull upon the line.

It was pitch dark when we first attempted the practice. Through some misunderstanding or lack of instruction, instead of waiting for the pull of the lead to release the line at the first cry of "Watch ho, watch!" everybody holding the line frantically hove his coil. Of course it was impossible to tell how deep the water was, whether the lead was on bottom, or anything about it. The captain was furious, and we spent the next hour hauling in and recoiling the lead lines. It was a long time before we really got the proper cast, and that reminds me of another night happening.

Hanging over the stern were two life-buoys, patent arrangements with Greek fire torches. When anyone fell overboard the trigger igniting the torches and releasing the buoys was to be pulled. There was always a man stationed by each life-buoy when the ship was under way, to be prepared for emergencies. The bells were struck every half hour, at which time, beginning in succession for-

ward, each man called out the name of his station, to show that he was awake of course. One night an ignorant colored boy was stationed at the life buoy. His duties were carefully explained to him, but he evidently failed to apprehend them; for when one bell in the midwatch struck there was a violent explosion aft, and the colored boy gleefully shouted, "I pulled him, suh! I done pull him, suh!" We hove to and spent half of the watch hunting for the buoy. The port-fire, or torch, as usual, had failed to ignite.

As is well known, the rope by which a small boat is attached to a wharf, or anything else, is called the "painter." The captain's clerk was a nice man, but no seaman. He was alone in the boat swinging alongside one day, when the officer of the deck roared out "Boat, there! Pass up that painter!" The captain's clerk looked up in a very puzzled manner at his superior, and innocently remarked, "There's nobody in the boat but me, sir." He was called "painter" ever after on that cruise.

Our larder was sometimes replenished in a providential way. For instance, one summer day we overhauled a schooner loaded with watermelons from Georgia. Think of it; every man jack of us, from the captain of the ship to the captain of the head, bought a watermelon, and the ship presented a picture after the loads had been delivered. The captain ate his melon in the cabin,

we ate ours on deck. One day off the Massachusetts coast we overhauled a fishing schooner, and bought out nearly the whole catch, and a welcome relief the mess proved to our usual dreary ship's fare.

We always endeavored to have a stock of suitable literature on board for reading in the few moments allotted to us for that purpose. On one cruise, by a succession of mishaps, we were kept at sea an unusual time, and the cadets had read literally everything on the ship except two books. These two were the Bible and Tennyson; in default of all others we were forced to undertake these.

In the dog-watches on the calm, peaceful afternoons one man would read aloud to a large crowd on the forecastle. We read dispassionately the two books together, and I can truthfully say that a foundation of love for the great poet, as well as a familiarity with the deeper passages of Scripture, was instilled in many a boy's mind on that particular cruise. Boylike, we delighted especially in the war books of the Old Testament, and in the rich romances of the "Idylls of the King;" "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and the poetical books of the Bible and the Gospels received much attention as well. I like to think of the interest excited in us by these, I grieve to say it, unfamiliar books. It is a good thing sometimes to have nothing to read but the classics.

One day we were leaving Vineyard Sound for a long cruise. The storm signals were flying along the coast, however, and it was deemed best to anchor and wait for a change in the weather. While we were straining lazily at the cable, a shore boat came off from Martha's Vineyard loaded with country girls and their escorts. We rigged a whip and a "bosun's chair" on the main yard arm, and swung the shrieking and screaming girls inboard; the men climbed up the Jacob's ladder.

All that afternoon we had a high time. One of the country lads had brought an accordion, and we danced on the half-deck; the captain invited us into his cabin, and we offered the young ladies refreshments of tea and hardtack. They were the first girls we had seen for a month, and when they went away every one of them had a handful of brass buttons, a cap ribbon with the name of the ship, two or three hardtacks and a potato for a souvenir. They were a jolly, merry party.

So, with mingled play and work, storm and calm, the cruising days would pass. Presently we would drop anchor for the last time off Annapolis, and then came the final year for study and graduation. After that some went into the naval service, and started on that long, slow voyage toward an admiral's star. And some resigned and forsook the sea for civil life ashore. But we all

preserve an equal love and respect for our *alma mater*, the old Academy. The memories and experiences of the four years I spent there, the things I learned, the training I received, are among the most precious things of my life.

PART TWO

OUT WITH THE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS

OUT WITH THE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS

CHAPTER I

JOINING THE VOLUNTEERS

Sworn In at the Baltimore and Ohio Station.—"Good-by, Papa, Good-by!"—The Terms of My Going.—I Join the Regiment.—Beware of Horse Trading!—Clifford.—In the Philippines.—A Clerical Banker.—Wanted It Back.—No Angels Need Apply.—A Queer Book Agent.—The Canteen.—We Abolish It.—Boycotting the Church.—The Material Argument.

My reëntrance into the service of the United States took place in the waiting-room of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at Philadelphia. There I took the oath of allegiance, and was mustered into the service of my country for the second time. My father, a veteran of an earlier and greater war, stood by and witnessed the ceremony. There were but two of us brothers, and both wore the army blue—my younger brother being an officer in the regular army. That old soldier has since gone to his long rest after having faithfully kept his honorable course, but I see the old man now as he stood at the train-step choking back the tears and bidding me good-by and godspeed.

Going to war is a serious business. The possibilities are so many that the actual breaking away is a hard thing. I did not realize it until I had to say good-by to wife and children. There are scenes and shrines in the human heart upon which it were not meet to dwell, but one of the things I remember about leaving home was the baby, aged three.. I lived at the top of a high hill on a tree-embowered street, and after I had left all the rest in the house, the little maiden ran out on the sidewalk after me and stood at the top of the hill waving her little hand and crying, with the sweet voice of childhood, "Good-by, papa, good-by, good-by!" I walked with my head turned backward, looking at her until the trees shut out the vision; and the breeze of springtime that rustled the leaves of the waving branches above me whispered, again and again, those sweet words to speed me on my way "Good-by, papa, good-by!"

I was filling the exalted station of Archdeacon of Pennsylvania at the time of my departure, and had secured a leave of absence from the Bishop—my commander-in-chief—for three months for the purpose of accepting the commission of chaplain in the First Pennsylvania United States Volunteers, which had been tendered me without solicitation or foreknowledge on my part. Two months of this time was the vacation to which I was by custom entitled. At the end of three months, by

the terms of my agreement with the Bishop, I was to come back and resume my duties as archdeacon or resign the position if I chose to continue in the service. Generous friends had provided me with an outfit and equipment which for completeness and serviceability left nothing to be desired, and I had in my pocket a substantial check from a churchman as patriotic as he was generous, with which to buy myself a horse.

The regiment was in camp at Chickamauga. I first saw it on a rainy, muddy night about ten o'clock, having reached it by a four-mile drive in an army wagon. The lieutenant-colonel in command of the regiment—in the serious and unfortunate illness of the colonel on account of an accident in the line of duty—who had been on duty connected with the recruiting of the regiment in Philadelphia, accompanied me. It was my first introduction to him, and I may say here that no better, truer man ever lived than this officer, afterward appointed colonel of the regiment. I was with him in all sorts of trials and hardships and harassments short of actual battle against the foe. I ever found him a brave, loyal, capable, and efficient officer and gentleman. No man could have done more than he to facilitate the work of a chaplain.

In general, the same could be said of all the officers. There were exceptions, of course. Some there were who did not look with kindly eyes up-

on my ministrations, but I discerned good qualities even in those who were not in—let us say sympathy—with me, and I am perfectly sure that if they had been tried by battle and campaign they would have all met the responsibilities as well as did the members of other commands to whom opportunity was given to earn an immortal name.

I arrived on Saturday, had service on Sunday, of which more later, and on Monday proceeded to buy a horse. The demand for horses had caused the price to rise, and when I entered the field as a buyer I found that the donor's generous check would not procure a suitable charger. The colonel wrote the gentleman and a supplementary check arrived with delightful promptness. Being a sailor by education and natural predilection, I knew but little about horses. I had had an intimate Western acquaintance with the bronco —if it be not an insult to the East to call that *lusus naturæ* a horse—but no particular skill or knowledge was needed in selecting a mount of that breed. You could hardly go amiss if you took whatever was offered, for they were all bad, and if you were careful to avoid a "bucker" there was practically nothing to choose between the others, but a horse for a campaign was different. I turned over the conduct of negotiations to an old trooper of the Seventh United States Cavalry who had enlisted with us. He bought the horse.

He took me to see him and I was present when

the purchase was consummated. He stood by the seller and calmly pointed out defect after defect in the animal which the other man repudiated vehemently, at the same time calling attention to perfection after perfection in his steed. I never saw such divergent views about a single animal. Finally, alarmed at the zeal of my advocate I remarked decisively that if the horse had all the faults he said it had I didn't want him at any price, whereupon the seller with alarming promptness came down in his figures to a reasonable basis, and before I could utter a protest the horse was my own. As I had unequivocally committed the negotiation to the ex-trooper, I felt that I was in honor bound to abide by his decision. We led the horse away, I confess, with a very rueful, disgusted feeling on my part. When we were a short distance off the trooper remarked, chuckling with glee:

"That was a fine play of yours, Chaplain, I didn't know you were so keen in a horse trade, sir. That just settled the deal. That was mighty cute, I tell you! You had the fellow scared, a little more on your part and we'd a got him for nothin'!"

"Keen? Cute?" I exclaimed in surprise, "I was perfectly honest in what I said. I didn't want a broken-down old hack, such as you described! Why look at that, and that, and that!" I pointed to various blemishes which he had indicated dur-

ing the trade. He stared at me in amazement a moment and then fairly shouted with laughter, apologizing the while, until it gradually dawned upon me that it was simply a case of balancing lies and assertions, and that I had been guilty of aiding and abetting the deal, and that he had taken an honest refusal for an adroit move! I always felt that I got that horse under false pretences, but however that may be, he was undoubtedly the best horse in the regiment. Every other officer who owned a horse, I admit, was ready to make the same claim, but I knew my own bore the palm.

He was a chestnut sorrel and a beauty. He was three-quarter bred, of Kentucky stock, about nine years old, and afraid of nothing on earth. I think he must have been a race-horse in his time, for there was nothing in camp that could catch him. He could trot faster and run faster and keep it up longer than any horse I ever sat upon. He had a mouth like iron, and it took all the strength of my arm—and sometimes both arms—to hold that animal in when he wanted to go. Our rides were a constant struggle as to whose will should govern. I liked this very much, and it was an unalloyed pleasure to me to make him go my way and at my gait. It was a matter of the greatest difficulty for me to keep a properly respectful distance in the rear of the colonel when we rode together or when the regimental staff would be returning from pa-

rade. I called him Clifford, after the donor, and many a gallant ride we had together. To anticipate a little, having no means of keeping him, when I returned home and was mustered out I sold him to a United States cavalry officer.

I was in the Union League one day and a friend of mine met me with this query:

"Hello, Archdeacon! When did you return from the Philippines?"

"I have never been there," I answered.

"Oh, come!" he replied, jokingly. "You can't tell me that, you know! I received a letter from a friend of mine a week or so ago from Manila stating that Archdeacon Brady was the gamest thing in the regiment, that he was always in the front of the battle-line, that he was never tired and never complained, and that the writer and the men of his troop positively adored him!" I was mystified, of course, until I learned that it was Clifford, my horse! The cavalry officer had renamed him for me, and I have always been thankful to the gallant animal that he gave me so good a reputation. I wish I had him now.

From horses to money, especially the saving of it, is a long step, for they are usually connected with spending it. The United States at first was very slow in paying the troops. I think our regiment did not receive any pay for something like two months and a half after it was mustered in. The paymaster came for the first time on Sunday

morning, so we postponed services until the late afternoon. I think, however, that I never put in a better Sunday, nor did the Lord's work so well as on that day. The various letters I had received with their tales of want, privation, and need from those at home dependent upon the soldiers in the field, had greatly moved me, and I determined to get as much money from the men as I could induce them to give me for the purpose of sending it home.

As each company marched up to be paid I made it a speech and announced that I would open a bank in my tent, with the consent of the colonel, and that I would there receive money in any sum and transmit it to any person in their behalf. I earnestly appealed to the men by the love they bore those dependent upon them, to embrace the opportunity. They did it with remarkable unanimity. I am writing from memory, as my record books were unfortunately destroyed, but I think on two occasions I sent home over one thousand checks, aggregating more than $12,000. Assisted by the junior major and the regimental surgeon we kept the bank open for two days, and there was a constant stream of depositors before the tent at every unoccupied moment during that period.

The men trusted me implicitly as, of course, I could give no receipts. The money *ad interim* was kept in the colonel's tent under a strong

THE HEAD-QUARTERS TENT AND THE COMMANDER OF THE REGIMENT,
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guard. When we had collected everything possible from the regiment we took it into Chattanooga, still under guard, and deposited it in the bank, and spent the day writing certified checks, which were handed to the soldiers to mail, or which, in many instances, I mailed myself. There was not a single mistake made in the whole transaction, carried on in the hurry and bustle of the camp, with many other duties to attend to, and many women and children, I am sure, appreciated the efforts that had been made by the major, the surgeon, and the other officers who had worked so hard to bring about the result.

The funny part of the whole affair, however, came out later. I cannot remember how many men came to my tent after the certified checks had been handed to them and wanted to get their money back for other purposes, or at least to receive a portion of it, but I was absolutely adamantine in my refusal. Once the money got into my hands it never got out until it reached the recipient. They didn't like it at first, but I think they realized the justice of the position of the bank at last, and on the second occasion of my asking for their money, I stated to them unequivocally what they all knew, that they must consider the matter carefully before they gave me the money, as they would never see it again after that. I have been sailor, soldier, author in a small way, railroad official, book agent, surveyor, cowboy, and general

rustler, but I never before was a banker. All the expenses, including the revenue stamps, etc., were provided, so that the transaction cost the men nothing.

Apropos of my varied vocations once upon a time when I was very much younger, and the ministry was not even a dream with me, I fell out of a position on account of illness. I landed in Baltimore penniless, or nearly so, and lived on one meal a day while I hunted for work. There was nothing doing, for me at least, and at last in utter despair, I offered my services to Governor B——, who happened to be president of a street railway company, to drive a street-car. He asked me what my qualifications were, and when I replied that I neither drank, chewed, smoked, nor swore (I had quit everything), he said he hardly thought I'd be able to manage the mules, and he did not want any angels in his employ, anyway! It was quaintly humorous, or rather it is now. I was hungry then.

I was so low in finances and spirits that I turned book agent, and tried to sell a plush album—a hideous thing, by the way. I received lots of insults and only sold one book to a poor woman. After I left her my conscience smote me so that I went back and cancelled the order. I told her the album was worthless, and she said I was a funny book agent. I guess I was. But I have had a soft spot for book agents ever

since. They generally find me an easy mark. *J'y étais.*

But I have wandered. I meant to say that I have learned to appreciate the governor's rude remarks, though I maintain, out of a more complete knowledge of myself than he could possibly possess, that he was not justified in ascribing angelic qualities to me. The next and last time I ever saw him, by the way, was in a Pullman car. I was travelling on a pass! He stared hard at me, and I have often wondered if he recognized his "angelic" visitor. But to return to the camp.

One of the reasons why the men wanted their own money was on account of the canteen. I am not a prohibitionist, either in theory or practice, and I recognized from a knowledge by no means cursory of conditions prevalent in the regular army, that there is room for two opinions as to the value of a well-regulated canteen in an army post near a large city. My own opinion is that it is a good thing, and, properly administered, is a temperance promoter and prevents terrible evils which are inevitable without it, but I am even more thoroughly convinced by observation and experience, not only in my own regiment but in many others of which I have knowledge, that the canteen for *a regiment of volunteers in the field is an abomination.*

One had been established in our regiment in common with nearly every other regiment in the

field, and everything that supervision and regulation could do to control it had been done, but the results were most unsatisfactory. It could not be kept clean. The melting ice, water, and dregs of the liquor were thrown on the ground, of course, and the crowd of people trampling in the tent made such a mud-hole of it that it had to be moved every other day or so. There was no place to move it without bringing it into objectionable proximity to the quarters of the hospital or the commissary department, or something else respectable, so finally it was shoved over by the mule corral, where it belonged.

Nothing was sold but beer and soft drinks, and these only at certain periods during the day for a short time. During these periods, however, the place would be jammed. Several free fights occurred with beer-glasses and fists for weapons, and the doctor complained of it, and I finally brought it up before the council of officers which the colonel had called to consider the subject. They voted to abolish it, and thenceforward we were relieved of this fester.

Many of the men, however, were intensely indignant, and they took it out on me by endeavoring to boycott the church services. That was the first time I had ever been boycotted, by the way. I felt sorry for the men. They had but little water—and that not very healthful or palatable—we finally hauled it in barrels from a spring five

miles away every day. Sometimes the ice would give out, and the water was warm. It was perfectly natural that they would go to the canteen and get a bottle of ginger ale, or apollinaris, but some of these things were expensive, *and beer was cheap*. Young boys who would never have thought of it at home began to drink beer, first moderately, then to excess, and then they tried to smuggle whiskey, and so on—it is an old story.

The moral tone of the regiment increased a hundred per cent. when the officers took that brave stand, and the boycott against the church gradually died out.

The unpopularity of the measure was visited upon the officers as well as upon me, and it was especially hard to give up the canteen in some minds because all the profits of the traffic, and they were large, were divided among the several companies to purchase necessary luxuries to supplement the not particularly inviting regulation fare. I consider that the young men of the regiment who abolished the canteen, against the pressure which was brought to bear upon them, exhibited high courage and earned a great moral victory.

CHAPTER II

VETERANS AND "ROOKIES"

His Own Four-in-Hand.—The Mule that Went Wrong.—The Silk Buyer in the Ranks.—Is He a Man?—A Bad Boy.—A Piteous Appeal.—Not There.—The Lunatic.—An Exchange of Courtesies.—Chaplain, not an Officer.—Letters.—A Puzzle.—M—— and His Baby.

HERE is a word or two about the men. Those who were accepted for the United States service from the old regiment of the National Guard by the medical officers were men of a very high class, both as to character and station.

One morning I was driven into Chattanooga from the camp by one of the men detailed as teamster. The team consisted of four splendid mules and a Milburn wagon. The road to Lytle, the railroad station, was fetlock deep with dust, and the soldier suggested that we turn out from it and make our way through the trees.

"Do you think you can drive those four mules and this big wagon through the trees?" I asked.

"I guess so, sir," he replied, smiling, and away we went. The trees were short and stumpy and stood rather thickly together. He tooled the wagon out and in through the grove and never barked a tree. It was a wonderful exhibition of skill and address, and after admiring his expert-

ness for some time, I asked him where he learned to drive.

"At home, sir."

"And what did you drive there?"

"A four-in-hand."

"Were you a coachman?"

"No, sir. It was my own."

I nearly fell off the wagon-seat.

Speaking of mules reminds me of another four-mule team. There was great rivalry between the different teamsters as to who had the best team. In process of time, however, the possession of the ribbon was awarded to S——. He was a man of a very different stamp from my four-in-hand driver. He had drifted into the regiment from the West, and what he didn't know about mules wasn't worth knowing. That, however, appeared to be the limit of his intellectual acquirements.

I was riding with him for water one day. We had to go five miles through a wood to a spring for decent drinking-water at that time. To while away the time, S—— fell to discoursing on his mules.

"See them mules, Chaplain?" he said. "That's the best team in the regiment. By gosh, I believe they're the best team in the brigade, an' even in the hull army! I ain't seen no mules nowheres to beat 'em! That is, they hev bin the best up to lately, but I begin to b'lieve they're gittin' a little demorylized. You see I didn't hev no names for

'em, I jist called 'em 'Hi there, mule!' and teched up the one I wanted to pay perticular 'tention with the whip yere, but last week I seen all the fellers was namin' their mules 'Jim' or 'Pete' or 'Rosebud,' an' all that sort of thing, an' I thought I'd name mine somethin', so I did."

"What did you name them, S——?" I asked, with interest.

"This yere one I called Cunnel, an' his mate yere I named Maj, an' that off leader yonder I called Doc, an' the nigh leader I—I"—he hesitated, and looked uncertainly at me.

"Go on," I said. "What did you call the nigh leader?"

"Well, sir, I called him Chaplain, an' ever sence I named him he's been the—the—derndest, orneriest mule in the camp! Seems like he's plum' clean loco'd. Been raisin'—look at him now!" he cried disgustedly, as "Chaplain" stopped and lashed out viciously with his heels. "Look at the rest of 'em, too!" He hit the recalcitrant clerical mule a wicked clip with the long whip and went on.

"It's jist as I told you, he's c'rupted the hull team! I don't know wot to do about it!"

"Suppose you re-name him 'Sergeant'!" I said. "'Chaplain' is a pretty heavy name for a mule to stagger under."

"I'll do it!" he exclaimed, delightedly, "an' p'raps he'll reform!"

But to come back to the men. One of the old

men of the regiment got his discharge one day and came up to my tent to bid me good-by. His manners and address were perfect.

"I have enjoyed meeting you very much," he said, as he shook my hand, "and I want you to promise me that when you return to Philadelphia you will look me up."

"I will surely," I replied. "What is your address?"

"The Rittenhouse," he answered, giving the name of one of the most fashionable and exclusive hotels in the city.

"Gracious goodness!" I exclaimed. "What was your business before you became a private in the volunteers?"

"I was an importer of silks," he answered, smiling at my discomfiture.

We had all sorts of men in the ranks. The son of the most distinguished Presbyterian clergyman in the city; men who belonged to exclusive and high-class clubs; young college graduates, who could quote poetry and talk Greek certainly better than I could; fledgling doctors; men who could write their checks for the pay-roll of the regiment; sons of men whose financial position was of the very highest.

They were not all like that, however, even in the old regiment; the greater proportion were plain and substantial young fellows of a highly desirable class. There were no distinctions in

the regiment; so far as I could see the men mingled on terms of the most democratic equality. The only question that ever arose as to the status of an individual was, "Is he a man, and not a skulker, a shirker, or a coward?"

The first batch of men, however, recruited to complete the regulation number were not nearly so good. Recruiting was going on in a hurry, and though care was exercised and many worthless men thrown out, some that were not so good crept in, and the standard was appreciably lowered. One lad was the son of a widow who doted on him—'tis a habit of mothers and not confined to widows, by the way—and she used to write long letters to the captain of his company, to the colonel and to myself, beseeching us to look after her boy. We looked after him all right, but John —I call him that because that was not his name— was the slipperiest customer in the regiment. He drank when he could get anything to drink, gambled away everything he had, passed most of his time in the guard-tent, and whenever he was released made a bee-line for the city.

The last time he went off he was not apprehended by the Provost Guard with the customary promptness, and he did not turn up at the end of two or three days blind drunk as was his wont. A letter from his mother gave us a clew as to his whereabouts. The poor old woman wrote thanking the colonel for his kindness to John. She re-

marked artlessly that John had written her to send him some money to a certain address which he gave, and had said that he was having a nice time on a vacation in Chattanooga, and she thanked the colonel for his kindness in giving "her poor, hard-worked little boy such a nice vacation," and enclosed two dollars, which she begged him to take out and give to John!

The two dollars were duly taken out by the sergeant and a file of men, but the graceless John had no opportunity to spend them, for he was promptly apprehended and summarily brought back to camp just in time to escape that charge for desertion from which his mother had unwittingly saved him.

We made earnest efforts to reform him, but with futile results, for he finally broke away from the guard-tent, absented himself for over ten days before he was caught, and was tried, court-martialed, and sent to serve a year's sentence for desertion at St. Augustine. He braced up somewhat there, and I remember one letter he wrote to the colonel during his captivity. It ran something like this:

"DEAR COLONEL:

"Wich I'm tryin' to behave myself in this yere prison. I don't git no likker an' I don't git no chanst to git away therefur I'm all rite, but Colonel, my pants is clean wore out in the seat an' as there is lots of ladies comes to the prison to see us I wish to Heaven you would please send me another pare."

The "pants" were duly sent. When the regiment came home later on, the poor old mother of John, whom we had carefully kept in ignorance of his waywardness, was on the platform to see us come in. Alas! There was no John there to greet her and I had a bad quarter of an hour with the broken-hearted old woman, whose feelings were well indicated by a sentence in one of her letters, "I can't get no comfort nowhere without that boy." Some of us worked hard for him, and when the regiment was mustered out John was released from captivity and sent home to his mother. Let us hope his experience was beneficial to him.

In the last batch of "rookies" (recruits) that we received—by far the worst of the lot, which is not saying that there were no good men in it, of course, for there were—there was a lunatic. Perhaps that is a strong statement, but the man was certainly abnormal and not in the possession of his faculties. How he got past the examining officers nobody ever knew, and the first evidence of his mental vagaries occurred on one Sunday morning inspection. The camp was rigorously inspected every Sunday morning before church call, the men, the kits, the tents, everything. When the inspecting party passed the lunatic he stepped out of the line before he could be prevented, and bowing gracefully handed the astonished colonel a wild rose! It was Sunday and the influence of

the day was upon him, so the colonel was milder in his remarks than might have been expected.

A queer figure the lunatic presented. He was an Armenian to begin with, and like every other recruit he had no uniform—for they had not yet been issued—and was clad in the dirtiest and raggedest of apparel. He had a campaign hat on, however, and a live chicken under his arm. We thought he intended to follow the gift of the rose with the chicken, but the colonel's peremptory manner caused the man to drop the chicken precipitately and get back into the ranks.

We did not know what on earth to do with him for a time until he, too, deserted, and we heard afterward that he had committed a felony and had been imprisoned for it. He professed to be an Armenian Christian, and I had a number of talks with him and tried in vain to do something with him and for him. Deliver me from Armenian Christians if he was a representative of them!

The old men knew their duties perfectly and performed them well; the new ones, of course, had to be taught. Right next to our camp was the head-quarters of our division, which was commanded by General Poland. The officers of his staff were of the regular army and a very pleasant, helpful lot they were, from the old general, who died later on from the prevalent camp fever, down to the junior aide. One of the officers was approaching our lines late at night. He was halted

by the sentry—one of the greenest of the green—in the usual way, "Halt! Who goes there?" followed by this admonition, "Don't you come any nearer until you answer!"

"A friend," replied the officer, according to regulation.

"Corporal of the guard," called the sentry, promptly, "I've got a friend out here that wants to come into the lines."

"Bring your friend over here," cried the corporal in much amusement, never dreaming until his eyes fell upon the indignant officer that he belonged to the regular army.

I passed the lines one day and the sentry failed to salute. The senior major, who was following after, berated him for omitting this token of respect to an officer.

"Ain't that the chaplain, sir?" asked the soldier.

"It is," said the major.

"Well, sir, it's the first time I ever knowed a preacher was an officer," remarked the sentry.

We used to get stacks and stacks of letters from home folks, wanting to know about their boys. Generally it was a mother who was interested in her son, sometimes a wife who wanted to know why her husband had not written to her, and not infrequently an anxious sweetheart poured forth her soul upon the defection of some recreant lover. I had all the letters of the mothers and wives and

THE CAMP AT CHICKAMAUGA

Of the First Pennsylvania United States Volunteers.

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grandmothers to attend to—and the bills also—but the colonel concluded that he would look after the recalcitrant sweethearts himself; and it was not until I remarked that it would be a good thing to tell the people at home that he had palmed off the duns and the letters of the old folks on me, and looked after the other letters himself, that he added the hunt for missing sweethearts to my duties as well. It was certainly very funny to get some big six-foot soldier and berate him for not writing to his "girl." The excuses were many and various, and I greatly enjoyed them. I do not think there was a single instance in which the delinquent did not finally do his duty.

Sometimes there was a sad side to the letters of sweethearts. I remember one of the men died, and I received letters shortly afterward from two different girls in two different cities, both of whom wished me to return to them the testaments, housewives, letters, and pictures they had given him. It was an easy task to see which testament came from each girl, but there were no clews in the housewives, and I could not for the life of me tell which photograph was Mary's and which was Jennie's. Neither could I definitely distinguish between the letters, so in the end each poor girl got her testament and nothing more.

One letter concerned a young foreigner, a very good soldier, too slow and too stolid, perhaps, to get into mischief. He was a very stupid Dutch-

man, with a stubbornness as great as his stupidity. The letter went on to state that Mrs. M——, his wife, and her baby, were in dire need; that he had not written to her or sent her anything since he entered the service, and for months before. I interviewed him that night.

"Why don't you write to your wife?" I asked him, receiving no reply but a vacant stare. "Don't you know that she and her baby are in dire need?"

"Himmel!" he exclaimed, opening his round eyes. "Ish dere a baby?"

"Why, of course," I said. "Don't you know you have a baby? Don't you know you are a father?"

"Vell," he replied, scratching his head, "I know it now, but I didn't know it pefore."

"Good gracious, man!" I cried, "you don't mean to tell me you left your wife ill and have never written to her?"

"Dot ish so," he said, solemnly.

"Why did you do it?"

"Vell, sir, ve quarrelled; she fights mit me, and tells me to go to der teufel, and I comes myself here."

Passing over the disrespectful allusion to the regiment, I continued:

"Well, aren't you sorry for the quarrel? Don't you care anything for your wife or the baby?"

"Yah, I gares for 'em both."

"Why don't you write to her, then? It's a shame!"

"I vas dinkin' about it. I vas goin' to write after awhile."

"Sit down there at that table and write now!" I commanded. "And let me see you write a nice letter; and here's some money which you can send to her, and you can pay me when you get your pay."

He took off his hat and sat down at the table, and with infinite toil and much prompting from me, and many questions, he managed to indite a reasonably satisfactory epistle. When he finished, and I sealed and directed the letter, he pointed to the letter I had received, and queried, slowly:

"Dot paby? Vas he—he a leetle poy?"

"He was, he is," I replied, after glancing over the letter again.

"Vell, I calls him Hans, I dinks," he said, saluting and turning solemnly away.

CHAPTER III

IN THE HOSPITALS AT CHICKAMAUGA

A Reeking Camp.—The Old Battle-field.—Filled with Disease.—Not Our Fault.—Scarcity of Water.—The Horrors of the Hospital.—Over-worked, Over-crowded.—Dying in the Rain.—Our Private Hospital.—Hospital Trains.—Inefficiency and Incompetency.—A Sad Scene at Home.—Calm Indeed.—"Thy need is greater than Mine"—The Bugle Call.—In the Death Tent.—Bathing His Head.—No Beer for the Convalescents.

WHEN the regiment first reached Chickamauga the men were in good health and in good spirits. The famous old battle-field was admirably adapted for a camping ground, and by the expenditure of a little money, and the use of a little of the gray matter in the heads of the powers that be, it might have been made as healthy a camp as any in the world. Instead of which I believe it to have become as unhealthy a spot as any modern camp which was supposed to be administered under scientific regimen and with due regard to modern sanitation, ever could be.

The battle-field consists of thickly wooded plots of ground interspersed with open clearings in about equal proportions. It is watered by a number of springs, one large creek and several smaller ones. Drive-wells were also located at different points. To take our own experience as a cri-

terion, the regimental camp was placed by the explicit direction of the highest authorities in a grove of trees on the side of a gentle hill which sloped down to an insignificant little brook.

Directly opposite was an open field on higher ground, most admirably adapted for camping purposes, but we were forced to go under the trees. The limits of the little grove were the limits of our camp. We were compacted together in the closest way, and the prescribed distances between tents and companies could not be observed. Especially was this so with regard to the men; and the mule corral, the canteen, and the hospital lay side by side.

Beneath the camp was a substratum of hard rock covered with a slight depth of soil. It was impossible to dig sinks to any depth, and the ground soon reeked with disease. I personally know that requisition after requisition was made for lime, the simplest and least expensive of disinfectants, again and again and without results. Upon the advice of our surgeons it was urged by the colonel, that we be permitted to take the camp out on the open field where there was room and sunlight, but no, the field was wanted for a drill- and parade-ground, and it was not until the damage had been done that the permission was granted, then it was too late. The soldiers in command at Chickamauga had forgotten, if they ever learned

it, that for a prolonged sojourn sunshine is better than shade for a camp.

The regimental camp was well policed, and everything that men could do to struggle against the initial disability of location, and negative it, was done by the officers in charge. It was my habit to ride with the colonel on his daily inspection, and no man can speak with more authority on the subject than I, therefore. I remember that after we had succeeded in getting permission to break camp and pitch our tents on the sunny hill, the stench which arose from the ground of our old camp for days after we had abandoned it, was most unpleasantly perceptible.

The water, of course, even including that of the drive-wells, soon became polluted. We had it analyzed and found it dangerous to health, so after scouring the country for miles around we discovered a spring, a long distance away (five miles, I think), and every day the wagons hauled water in barrels for drinking and cooking purposes from that spring. The quality of the water so obtained was good, but the quantity was meagre and inadequate.

It was certainly a hardship for men of cleanly habits to be compelled to take a bath in a pint of water, especially after a hard march over the dusty roads, or a long drill in the blinding sun. But there was no help for it. It was not until our division was moved to Knoxville, Tenn., that we

had an abundance of water from pipes laid down through the camp, and what a luxury it was!

To put it briefly, here was an aggregation of about sixty thousand men and thousands of horses and mules herded together in a confined area with only natural water and surface drainage. No wonder that the hospital tents soon became the busiest places and the most crowded corners of the camp. We had three surgeons in our regiment: two of them were soon detached on special duties —one of these two died of typhoid fever while on duty in Porto Rico—leaving the third to stagger along under a burden of labor and responsibility which was entirely too great for the strength of any one man.

We were required to send the ill men to the division hospital. That hospital was also inadequately provided with physicians. The nurses were men drafted, nay, extracted by peremptory orders, from the several regiments—about one-half the complement of our regiment would be on some special detail duty every other day, which was annoying and exasperating in the extreme. The colonels sent men who had no fitness whatever for the work of nursing the sick. Some of them took that opportunity of getting rid of objectionable soldiers!

I remember one case where a ward of sixty patients was left during the night in charge of two men, one of whom had been a day laborer and

the other, for a short time, a keeper in a lunatic asylum! They were without any experience whatever. One of the patients in that ward died during the night and another typhoid sufferer lay, unattended, in his own discharge, until the doctor came in the morning. He, too, died.

There were a few hospital stewards and men who had some medical training, but they were worked to death. Of the dozen men who volunteered for hospital service from our regiment, men of high class with much medical skill and aptitude—we had several graduate physicians and medical students in the ranks—nine took the fever and three died. The hospitals were so crowded that there were not sufficient beds or cots to receive the sick men, and I have known them to lie all night on a stretcher but a few inches from the damp ground.

Ice would give out, milk would turn sour, in short, there was a lack of everything. These conditions never were remedied after all the hue and cry that was raised and the deaths that occurred. Near the very last of our term of service such common necessaries for the sick as blankets had to be purchased by private funds furnished by the good citizens of Philadelphia and elsewhere, and I saw men actually dying with the fever lying on wire cots with one fold of a blanket under them and one fold over them, and lucky to get that!

I took the colonel over to the general hospital on one occasion just before we broke camp to go to Philadelphia, and showed him the men lying in tents with the rain beating down upon them. We had a grand row with the authorities before we got the matter remedied. The mildly sick, the desperately ill, those raving in delirium, and the dying were, for the greater part of the time, all huddled together in one mixed mass. Where there were board floors for the hospital tents they speedily became so very dirty as to disgust the beholders. As they were at first made of unplaned rough boards there was no way properly to clean them.

The men finally objected so seriously to going to the division hospital—and I could not blame them—that the doctor and I established a hospital in our own camp, in defiance of regulations and everything else. I got the money, bought the supplies, and kept the business and spiritual end of it going. The doctor did the rest. How that heroic young man did labor! It nearly killed him.

The men fairly swarmed into the hospital. I can remember the sick sensation that used to come over me when I would be sitting in my tent near the hospital and see again the melancholy procession of four men coming up the hill carrying another prostration on a stretcher. Between the sick, those on special detail, regimental

guards, and those nursing the sick, we got down to a skeleton organization, and yet we were one of the best regiments there. Our percentage of health was higher and our percentage of efficiency much greater than that of almost any other regiment in the camp.

Finally, the authorities broke up our hospital and compelled us to send the men to the hated division hospital again. When they knew they would have to go there, they would conceal their illness until they actually dropped on the field. Their pitiful protests ring in my ears yet. The city government of Philadelphia finally sent down a well-equipped hospital train, which took the most desperate cases back to the city, where they were treated freely and efficiently in the public and private hospitals of that city. The State of Pennsylvania sent a second train later on, and the Veteran Corps of the regiment to which we belonged, a third train.

I suppose that out of eleven hundred men all told we must have had nearly thirty per cent. at different times ill of the fever. These conditions might have been remedied. At the very time the men were sleeping on stretchers and on the wet ground, there were carloads of cots at Lytle Station near the camp; but similar states of affairs have always obtained in history until armies have become veteran. While the American soldiers were barefoot and naked at Valley Forge quanti-

ties of shoes and clothing were available for their use at various supply stations.

The situation was perfectly well known to the authorities. With a reckless disregard of military propriety a number of us made it known in the most forcible manner, and in every way. I remember that on one occasion preaching in Philadelphia while still in the service, I stated things publicly to an immense congregation, much as I have stated them here. I think I was desperate at the time, and I would have welcomed a court-martial or anything which would have compelled the officials to take cognizance of the situation.

My statements were published in the Associated Press despatches, and of course spread broadcast. I received a letter from the investigating committee in Washington asking if these things were true, and demanding to know whether I would substantiate them. I replied that they were true, and that, while I was not a prosecuting attorney, I could establish them beyond peradventure, and that I would be only too glad to do so if given a chance. Nothing came of it.

In one of the stories which accompany these sketches there is an account of the hospital train, and most of the incidents of the journey which I took upon it are literally true, even to the passion flowers. The day after we reached Philadelphia I went around the hospitals visiting the men. I arrived at one of the largest hospitals just before

the regular visiting hour. The mothers, fathers, wives, sisters, relatives, and friends of the sick soldiers whom we had brought back from camp were crowded in the small waiting-room. As chaplain, of course, I had the privilege of seeing the soldiers at any time, and I had just come from the ward in which they had been installed.

When I entered this room in my uniform I was known by sight to some of the people, and the knowledge was at once communicated to everybody. I never want to pass through such an half hour again as I spent then. These people crowded around me in a perfect panic of terror, wanting to know about their dear ones, whom they had not yet been permitted to see. Mothers were waiting to look upon dying sons, poor wives carrying children, whose sole support lay in the hospital above, fathers—you can imagine the scene from the questions.

"How is my boy?"

"Will my son know me?"

"Is my husband yet alive?"

"Oh, for God's sake, will my brother live?"

It was simply awful! They turned to me, and I felt utterly impotent and helpless, but I told them the truth, absolutely and without concealment. I thought it was better that they should hear from me what the situation really was than be shocked and surprised beyond control when they saw the objects of their solicitude. The

THE OFFICERS' MESS.

The colonel and the chaplain in the foreground.

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surgeon in charge of the hospital was frantic at the confusion and commotion, and he flatly refused to allow anybody to enter the ward until everybody was composed and quiet. The effort some of these people made was pitiful. Finally, they became sufficiently controlled to be taken to the ward.

The doctor and I took them there and directed each individual or group to the proper person. They were composed indeed. The deadly air of sickness in that ward would compose anybody. I saw them stand with clasped hands and bowed heads at the bedside of some fever-delirious sufferer without saying a word, except to whisper perhaps, "My boy, my boy!" And yet with such a look of despair on their faces as humanity does not often see. Sometimes there was recognition and a feeble word of greeting from the patient, but for the most part the men were unconscious or delirious and said nothing.

I had to return to the camp the next day, but it was a satisfaction to know that the sick men were left in such good hands. In spite of every care, however, many of them died.

There was an heroic side to the men in the hospital. The father of one boy who was very ill came down to Knoxville to get him, and while preparations were being made to remove him he brought to the hospital a case of Apollinaris water and plenty of ice. Only those who have been

ill with typhoid fever could appreciate what a luxury this was. The boy in question, who died after he got home from the same fever, resolutely refused to drink alone. I remember him shaking his head, and saying, over and over again:

"Give some to the other fellows, father; they are more thirsty than I am."

Did not Sir Philip Sidney gain immortality by the bestowal of a cup of cold water? And what does the Master say of such an action?

The men were soldiers in their spirit to the very last gasp. One of them lay dying. When the shrill note of the bugle pierced his dull ear and reached his darkened faculties he strove with all his strength to get out of bed, saying, "It's the assembly! They're calling me!" when he fell back dead.

Later on, when dying patients were removed to a separate tent, I was visiting in the hospital, when I heard a woman sobbing within the "death tent," as the soldiers called it. I went in there. She was alone with a dying soldier, a mere boy, it seemed, a lad from Ohio. She was walking up and down the tent in tearless anguish. The boy was insensible, and the end was rapidly approaching. Presently it came. I never heard anybody rave like that woman. She was a sweet, tender, gracious-looking woman, yet she cursed and blasphemed and wrung her hands—I could hardly hold her by main strength. This was her oldest

son, and he had gone away in spite of her entreaties—his soldiering had all come to this bitter end. She was completely out of her mind, and the physicians finally quieted her by medicinal means. Like Job's wife, she thought to curse God and die.

There wasn't much humor about the hospital service; still there was a little. You have heard the story about the soldier in the hospital to whom the visiting young lady came and asked him if she could do anything for him, if she could only bathe his head.

"Yes," replied the soldier, wearily, "you can if you think it will do you any good. It's been bathed about a dozen times this morning, by everybody that has come along. I've got used to it now."

In the first hospital train there was a car next to the engine filled with convalescents, who were on strict diet. I was in charge of them. At the first stop the front brakeman came back to me and said:

"Them convalescents of yourn up front there is gone into that saloon by the station. You'd better look after them."

I double-quicked into that saloon, of course. The men were lined up in front of the bar with about twenty-five mugs of foaming beer on the counter. My opportune arrival nipped the scheme in the bud; not a man got more than a smell of

the beer. It was cruel, they thought, but the doctor's orders were not to be gainsaid. They were faced about and marched out to the car, and the train pulled out, leaving a broken-hearted bar-keeper raving on the platform and demanding who was to pay for his beer. I do not suppose that anybody ever remunerated him. I know I did not.

The convalescents appeared to think that their departure on the hospital train entitled them to unlimited indulgence of their starved appetites. It was the hardest kind of work to make them eat according to the prescribed regimen, and they had to be watched carefully at every stop, and especially at meal stations; they were more trouble than all the rest of the train.

CHAPTER IV

TWO PECULIAR WEDDINGS

Weddings.—An Impediment.—The Priest is Firm.—Her Dilemma.—Hearts Win.—The Wedding March.—Married Again.—"Whoa, There, Whoa!"—"In the Soup."—Married, but not by Telegraph.—A Fraud.—The Old Story.—The Honor of his Name.—Not Under Duress —I Make a Plan.—Man and Wife by Common Law.—An Expected End.—Baptized and Deserts.—This One Stayed.—Church Call.—The Music.—An Inestimable Blessing.

MARRYING and giving in marriage would seem to be foreign to the opportunities of a camp; yet I had two weddings at Chickamauga, both of them peculiar in character and one of them unique. One afternoon an estimable non-commissioned officer came up to my tent and said he wanted to get married. It seems that his prospective bride, alarmed at the apparent certainty of our departure to the front—which everybody expected and hoped would take place in a day or two—had come down alone from Philadelphia to marry the man of her choice before we started.

While the groom, who had been given a furlough, terminable at any time by orders to move, of course, had gone to fetch his bride, who was then in the camp, I made some inquiries among the officers who knew both parties at home, and satisfied myself of the propriety of the proposed cere-

mony. Presently the two stopped before the tent. The bride was a very bright, pretty young girl, full of excitement, anticipation, and foreboding, and naturally inclined to burst into tears.

When I talked with her I found she was a Roman Catholic, and that of course she desired to be married by a Roman Catholic priest. The groom was a Baptist. I told them to make themselves at home in my tent while I rode over to an adjacent Western regiment brigaded with ours, which had a Roman Catholic priest for its chaplain, and that I would fetch him to perform the ceremony.

Presently Father M—— and I were back at the tent. At his request I left him alone with the young couple, whom he wished to interrogate. In a few moments I was summoned to the tent and found a pretty state of affairs.

The groom being a Protestant and the bride a Romanist, a dispensation was necessary to enable the priest to perform the service. As they had no dispensation, he refused to marry them. I suggested that the necessary document might be secured from the local bishop. There did not appear to be any such dignitary available. Then I advised that the dispensation be procured by telegraph, which was also pronounced impracticable, and we were informed that it was a matter of considerable expense at best. Neither of the young people had a great deal of money. I ex-

pect the bride had enough to take her back home and the groom probably a little to enable them to enjoy a short honeymoon.

It was growing late in the afternoon. There was that young girl alone in a camp of sixty thousand men. She had no friends in Chattanooga to whom she and the young man could go that night. I had every confidence in both of them, but it did not seem to me to be right that they should be allowed to go away from the camp without being married. I said as much to the priest, and urged him to take the responsibility of marrying them under the unusual circumstances and tell the bishop that he had done so, and let the bishop take it out on him, but he refused pointblank to do so.

Finally, I turned to the young woman and told her I would marry her myself and that I would bind her as tight and fast as the Pope of Rome could do. The priest, who was as gentle and courteous in his manner as he was firm in his decision, informed her that he considered it his duty to point out to her that she would be immediately excommunicated if she consented to my proposal, and that her Church would not regard it as a marriage in fact.

As I look back upon it, it was quite a dramatic scene; the troubled young girl, the anxious groom, and the two clergymen. I took it upon myself to point out the situation to both of them, and urged

that at any risk they ought to be married before they left.

Love won the battle. She decided that she would be married. The priest sadly left us together. I sent for the major and the major's wife, who, by happy chance, happened to be in the camp, and was about to proceed with the ceremony when it was developed that the young man had not procured the license required by law! However, since matters had progressed so far, I determined to marry them without a license, realizing that while the consequences might be serious to myself, the marriage would be none the less valid to them.

The major gave the bride away and his wife supported her. The company officers were there, too, and far down the company street, facing the officers' row and my tent, the men of the regiment were congregated in a great crowd. I was fearfully anxious lest they should laugh or say something, but a metropolitan audience could not have behaved better until the ceremony was completed. Then such cheering and yelling you never heard! As the groom led the blushing bride down the street toward the outskirts of the camp, where a carriage had been secured, the band turned out in heterogeneous uniform and frantically played the "Bride Elect." As they passed the commissary tent I think the soldiers clustered about it must have thrown away at least a barrel of rations in

the shape of rice; so amid the cheers of the entire regiment the bridal party drove away.

Early the next day I went out to Chattanooga, received the license which the groom, under my instructions, had procured that morning and briefly married them again. They certainly were a thoroughly married couple. I see them every once in awhile now, and they are as happy as larks and doing well.

Weddings are queer things anyway. Though it was not in the camp, this wedding reminds me of two others. One was in a little church in a little summer-resort at which I happened to officiate. The natives of the village, in which there had not been a church wedding from time immemorial, were in a fever of anxiety and anticipation, and the church was surrounded by a miscellaneous crowd, including many hack-drivers—if I may apply that honorable term to the ten-cent coaches which ran about the town.

It was a very hot day, and just as the groom was asked if he would take "this woman" and so on, one of the horses became restless, and in the silence in which I waited for the answer a stentorian voice roared out from the street, "Whoa, there!" But the groom did not "whoa," though he looked somewhat startled. That reminds me of another story of a wedding.

The simple words in which the man plights his troth are usually stumbling-blocks. On the occa-

sion of a certain wedding the groom in his perturbation "blighted his broth" to the bride, and she said that at that moment she felt as if she were certainly "in the soup!" I wonder if there was a persistency of idea in the subsequent married life?

But to return to the camp. The other marriage was not an occasion of joy to anybody unless it was, perhaps, to me. I did take a certain satisfaction in it, though I remember I was placarded all over the United States by the Associated Press as having married a couple by telegraph!

This was the unique one, and it came about in this way. I suppose every man who has dealt with masses of men has learned that a certain proportion of them are hypocrites, and "Pity 'tis, 'tis true," that a man who volunteers for religious duty to a superior who has it in his power to advantage his lot or ameliorate his condition, had better be watched unless full knowledge is at hand.

One specimen of the kind of men that honest humanity instinctively distrusts, a new recruit in the regiment by the way, came up to me one afternoon and volunteered to assist me in administering religious consolation to the sick. He had been one of the most interested attendants at church and had been officiously foremost in volunteering anything and everything necessary to promote the services. Somehow the man did not

ring true, and for the life of me I could not help suspecting him. I remarked that it was my business to administer religious consolation to the sick, and that I felt abundantly able to do it, but that if I needed any assistance I would take his offer under advisement.

A few days after two letters came to me. One was from a mother, the other from a daughter, and both of them concerned this man. An old, old story, none the less bitter from its age. The consequences of the woman's fall were becoming apparent and the young girl was in an agony of shame and the mother not less so. I sent for the would-be "administerer of religious consolation to the sick" and confronted him with the statements. The sickening story was all true. He had wrought the undoing of the young girl—very much his junior in years, by the way—who had been a fellow-worker with him in a certain Sunday-school, and he had done it from the lowest of motives.

He frankly stated that he was engaged to another girl and that he did not love this one. I have no definite remembrance of what I said, but I imagined it was sufficiently severe. Frankly, I had not the slightest bit of Christian charity or anything else for him, but I was determined that whatever kind of reparation could be made should be made by him.

As I said, we were enlisted for service, and were

consequently expecting to go away very soon. If we went some of us might be killed in action and certainly some of us would die from disease—they were dying already in the camp, and while I hoped in my heart, and I may even have said so, that he might come within one or the other of these categories of disaster, I thought it well that before we went he should give to the young woman the honorable sanction of his dishonorable name, so that she and her child would be entitled to any benefits which could come to the wife of a soldier. Queer that his name would ever honor anyone!

He finally agreed to do anything in his power, and I was particular to impress upon him, with all the vehemence that in me lay, that he was not doing this under duress, or from any threat, or by any urging of mine, but of his own free will. He said he would go to her and marry her if I would get him a furlough, but I doubted my ability to get him a furlough, and then I was disinclined to do so if anything else could be done.

At last I thought of a plan and went with it to the legal lights of the regiment: some of the officers of the command were lawyers, bright fellows at that, and carefully concealing names I laid the case before them with the request that they draw up a contract, which, after stating the circumstances of the case, would formally acknowledge the marriage and the paternity on the part of the man, of the child, with other details not necessary

to enter into here. This contract I proposed to have sworn to and registered in Chattanooga and then sent to Philadelphia for similar action, and I was of the opinion that so long as no other rights were prejudiced thereby, a common law marriage would thus be constituted and effected.

The young attorneys of the regiment laughed at my proposition at first, but on second thought it was considered more favorably. It was debated for several days quietly among the best of them, and they finally drew up the required paper, which was duly signed after I had inserted the names, sworn to, witnessed, recorded before a Commissary in town, and sent to Philadelphia for like action, and so the young couple were married!

I said I took no joy in the situation, but I had a grim satisfaction in the premises. I did not take any joy because, as I knew the young man, it almost seemed a crime to ask anyone to take him for a husband, yet such is the peculiar condition of society that I could not but feel glad that the baby would have a legal name even though it were such a one. I tried my best during the term of service in which we were together to work upon the feelings of the man, to make him realize his action, and to induce in him a better frame of mind. I think maybe I had some faint success, I'm not sure, but I was not surprised at a subsequent separation which was arranged be-

tween the young people, especially as the baby never came to life. Thank God!

From weddings to baptism is an easy transition. I baptized a number of soldiers, some of them in hospitals in cases of dangerous illness, one at least *in extremis*, and several others in the ordinary course of service. There are good and bad Christians everywhere, as there are good and bad men. I remember one man who was very eager for baptism. I prepared him as well as possible, made such examination as I could, and finally at church services—held that Sunday in the afternoon instead of morning, because the paymaster came in the morning, and everything had to give way to the paymaster—I baptized him before the assembled regiment.

The next day he deserted with his pay and was never heard of afterward. The captain of his company was extremely solicitous to know what I had done to him, and the officers had a great deal of fun about the matter. They would go up to the colonel and request him to put So-and-so under guard and carefully patrol the camp, as the chaplain was going to have another baptism, and they could not tell what the results would be. It was fun from their point of view, but sad from mine.

I remember another man, however, who was to be baptized at the public service, but by some accident failed to be present. He came up to

THE SANCTUARY IN THE WOOD.

Ready for the church call.

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me shortly after the service and asked me if it was too late to baptize him. I said no, certainly not. I took him down to his company street—he suggested that I do so—and there amid his comrades he knelt down on the earth and received the sacrament. It was as plucky a thing as I have ever seen done. He was a manly, straightforward fellow, and his comrades crowded about him and stood in respectful silence while the ceremony took place. There was no need to put a watch on that man.

Church services were held, of course, regularly, every Sunday morning. When the weather was bad we held them in the immense tent erected by the Young Men's Christian Association, but ordinarily the service took place out in the wood. A rude enclosure of logs covered with bits of pine, screened at the back by white cotton, with a small platform for me to stand upon, and a rude desk made out of tree trunks, constituted the chancel. There were two long benches from the head-quarters tent to hold the choir, barrel chairs and stools for the officers, while the men sat around on the ground. Sometimes the reading-desk was built of drums and covered with flags.

I had a little portable organ which the junior major of the regiment—a splendid fellow—played. I also had printed a number of leaflets containing a few favorite hymns and a short service. We had choir practice on some convenient evening,

and as many of the men had good voices the results were inspiring. The singing was hearty and fine and the responses good. The services usually were well attended, a much larger proportion of the regiment being present than would be found from the same number of people gathered in a city. Except when the church was boycotted the attendance was usually very satisfactory. The officers set a good example in that to the men.

Frequently, when circumstances permitted, we celebrated the Holy Communion, early in the morning. The attendance at this service, of course, varied; I think the highest number was about eighty, though usually it was much less.

The Young Men's Christian Association tent was the greatest blessing to the men. It provided books, papers, writing material, entertainment, ice-water, a place to play games, write letters, read, converse, and enjoy a quiet moment of relaxation from the iron discipline. It was, in effect, a men's club, and a splendid antidote to the vicious canteen. The devoted young men in charge of it had their service on Sunday night. They did a noble work, and I am glad to pay them this unsolicited tribute of appreciation.

CHAPTER V

IN THE FIELD AND ON THE TRANSPORT

Busy Days.—A Volunteer Aide.—Almost the Real Thing.—A Successful Campaign.—Playing Soldier Hard American Adaptability.—Battle Exercises.—What We Ate.—Clothes Made all the Difference.—Rest on a Rock.—"Major Big Talk."—The Champion Liar.—I Do It Myself.—On the Transport.—Not Sea-Sick.—Typhoid.—I Live on Apollinaris.—Infuriating Frankness.—Ganymede.—Home Again.

I WAS too busy in the camp to be ill myself. I remember on one or two occasions when I felt sickness approaching I literally worked it off, either by taking a long, hard walk or a long, hard ride, keeping at it until I was in a dripping perspiration and felt better. Toward the close of our stay at Chickamauga the Government did succeed in establishing two hospitals, which were models in every way and where the men were attended by trained nurses and competent physicians and received every care, and where there were supplies of all kinds in plenty. It was part of my duty to visit these hospitals. In fact, one day's visiting would involve a ride of perhaps twenty miles. Of course, I did not have to do this every day, but as often as I could.

Then it was my pleasure to be present at all the drills, which, having received a professional edu-

cation from the United States Government, I could appreciate and enjoy better than most chaplains. I was happy, too, at being chosen on several occasions as an aide to supplement the meagre staff of the general in command of our brigade, an old veteran who had risen to the rank of lieutenant-general, while scarcely more than a boy, in the Confederate army.

We all loved old General Rosser. He had not mastered the minutiæ of modern drill tactics possibly, but he was a thorough soldier from his gray head down. He put us through all sorts of practical exercises of great value, and I have no doubt that had we been given the opportunity we earnestly craved, under his leadership, we might have done something. Singular, how a peaceable and peaceful body of citizens thirsted for an opportunity to go out to kill somebody!

The nearest we came to the real thing was in a brilliant series of battle exercises arranged by the general. The ground was admirably adapted for such undertakings, and a certain low tree-covered hill facing a bit of open and broken country, traversed by ravines and deep hollows, filled with trees, was selected for the defensive position. Two regiments of the brigade were told off to hold the hills; one regiment was to make the attack, the object of the game being for the attacking regiment, if possible, to reach such position undiscovered as would permit them to rush

the defence. Scouts were thrown out by the defenders which would have to be driven in by the attackers.

Each of the three regiments in turn had the privilege of the offence. The first two tries ended in overwhelming victories for the defence. The approaching regiment was easily detected, and would have been cut to pieces before it got anywhere near the crest of the hill.

Our regiment, the last to attempt it, determined to do better. The colonel, his staff, and the field officers spent the morning in going over the ground carefully. They noted every possible cover, and examined every possible approach. As I had witnessed the manœuvres of the two preceding days from the general's staff, and had heard his comments thereon, I was able to assist their deliberations somewhat, by repeating his words.

When the eventful afternoon came, by the colonel's orders, the men covered themselves with branches of trees, then in full leaf. At a little distance away the regiment looked like a dense bunch of underbrush. The general and his staff took post with the defence on the crest of the hill and awaited developments. Presently the scouts for the defence were driven in after a large body of them had been neatly surrounded and captured. We waited and waited for the advancing regiment, looking eagerly down over the ground from

which they naturally would have been expected to appear.

Everybody, including the general, was intensely surprised when a part of the regiment broke out of the wood, around one of the flanks of the position scarcely two hundred feet away. The tree-clad men rose, as it were, out of the earth. It reminded me of Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane. They could have swept that hill, having turned the left flank of the defence. While we were admiring this clever manœuvre, and everybody's eyes were turned to the left flank, the other battalion appeared on the opposite, or right flank. This completed the discomfiture of the defence. The old general said it was one of the best planned and best carried out manœuvres that he had ever seen, and he rode down to our regiment and publicly awarded it the palm.

They deserved it. They had actually crawled on their faces for over a mile through the creek, over the rocky ground, worming themselves through the underbrush, taking cover behind everything in the most approved style. The colonel and other officers had taken part with the rest. The officers had even laid aside their swords lest the gleams of sunlight reflected from them might betray their movements. Almost everyone had worn the skin off his hands or arms or knees, and the hospital list was large the next morning.

I mention this for two reasons. First, as show-

ing the desire and willingness of the officers and men to learn and to fit themselves in every way for the duties that were to devolve upon them. It is no joke for a man of more or less sedentary habits, who weighs over two hundred pounds, to crawl over broken ground for a mile or so on a hot August day—a statement anybody who fits the conditions may verify by trying.

The second point was the wonderful adaptability of the officers and men who composed our volunteer army. It was modern warfare, such as our English brethren do not seem to have learned in South Africa, after two years of trying. None of these men had had any especial training at this sort of thing. They were all city men who had never lived in the country at all, even, and yet the aptitude with which they took it up was simply wonderful.

We had frequent battle exercises with the regiment alone. The colonel would send two or three companies under different officers at different times to defend a certain post, and the rest were to attack it. The rivalry between the offence and the defence was always high, and sometimes it was difficult to keep the men from actually coming to blows!—which was not good discipline, by the way, though perhaps excusable under the circumstances. We had constant and frequent drills —squad, company, battalion, and regimental. Indeed, the days were filled to the limits.

There has been much said about the food. Let me say that it was good in quality and sufficient in quantity. On a very few occasions the meat served to the men would be spoiled, and sometimes, when it was condemned, the regiment would go without meat for the balance of the day. Sometimes the vegetables reached us in a decaying condition, and canned goods were not always above suspicion; but as a rule everything was wholesome and palatable, and we had plenty.

It was not luxury, of course. It was the regular soldier's fare, and the man who could not live on it would better not attempt to be a soldier. The bread was always excellent. The officers' mess used the same bread as the soldiers did, and it was always thoroughly good. If there had been plenty of water to drink there would not have been any hardship about the food at all.

Sometimes the routine of the day would be varied by a march to some particular point of interest in the vicinity. The men would parade in heavy marching order, and when we reached the designated spot shelter tents would be pitched, fires kindled, and a regular encampment would be made. One long march we made was to the banks of a little river, and practically the whole regiment, as soon as the camp was made, took a bath. There is but little difference between officer and man when both are naked, I found. Another march we made was when we broke camp at

Chickamauga, and marched to the railroad train to take the cars to Knoxville, our next camp. It was about two o'clock in the morning before the regiment moved out. Save for the dust, it was not an unpleasant march over the mountain roads, under the trees, by way of Rossville Gap, through which had swept the shattered wing of the Union army in the wild rout at Chickamauga thirty years before.

When we arrived at the station the train was not ready, and the men were allowed to make camp and rest. The colonel and I wandered over to a spring surrounded by great flat rocks, and I remember that we lay down on the rocks, just as we were, and fell fast asleep. I have slept on a coil of rope, on a hard plank, on the soft prairie grass, to say nothing of beds, but I never imagined that I could take any rest in the crack of a rock. I did though, and enjoyed it.

The most original character in the regiment, I believe, was our hospital steward, who professed to have held a similar station in the regular army; and his statement may have been true, for he certainly knew his business. Added to that, however, was a capacity for ingenious fabrication that I have never seen equalled. A fertile imagination, and apparently no conscience to speak of, made him a unique and interesting combination. We had our suspicions, of course, as to the accuracy of his representations, but we did not

discover until later the depth of his mendacity. The surgeon used to call him "Major Big-Talk," a thing he resented bitterly, and it usually only required someone to say quietly, "That's a good yarn, *Major*," to take the wind out of his sails; however, they never stayed empty long.

The last hospital train that was sent down for the sick men came to the camp at Knoxville. There were some men left in the hospital at Chickamauga, and the colonel sent me down there with a special train to bring them up to Knoxville, so that they could go home with the rest. S—— went along as medical adviser, to take charge of the sick men. We got only two, the rest being too ill to be moved. One of the two was very ill, but as he was an officer, and as he pleaded to be taken back, saying he would take all the risk, he was allowed to come. S——, who was as kind-hearted a fellow as ever lived, attended him very carefully.

When we reached Knoxville of course the surgeons of the regular hospital train took charge. The man who received the officer from us, I will call Dr. Leap, though that was not his name. However, it was something like that. S—— turned the officer over to him without a word.

After the regiment came back, and while we were waiting to be mustered out, the sickness I had fought off in camp came down upon me, and without the stimulus of duty to keep me up, I suc-

THE "EVANGELISTS'" TENT.

The lieutenant-colonel and the adjutant of the first battalion, seated, and the chaplain standing by the church organ.

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cumbed. The regimental surgeon attended me, and when he came to see me one day S—— also made his appearance. He was attired in the uniform of a surgeon of the United States Army. He informed us that he had been commissioned a surgeon in the regular army, and would shortly join his regiment. He amused my wife by telling her of some of the experiences of the camp, and, among other things, of the special train on which he and I had brought the sick from Chickamauga.

"Why," he said, "those hospital doctors on that train were nearly crazy with excitement! Why," he repeated, turning to me, as I lay ill and weak upon the bed, "you remember what I said to that doctor who came to get our sick officer, Chaplain?"

"What was that?" I asked, faintly.

"Why, I asked him for his name, and he said 'Leap is my name.' 'Well,' said I, 'Leap out of here as quick as you can, I'll attend to this man.' You remember, don't you, Chaplain?"

I do not know what possessed me or why I did it, but I recall saying,

"Yes, I remember perfectly." I didn't remember anything like that at all. Perhaps it was because I was so ill that I agreed with him in my astonishment, but I have never been able to straighten out the matter with my conscience since then. He was the most compelling liar I ever assented to!

We found out afterward that he had not been appointed in the regular army and that he was a first-class fraud. Some trusting women, who had leaned too confidingly upon his new shoulder-straps, found it out also.

Speaking of illness reminds me that after I had recovered somewhat from this camp-fever, the doctor prescribed a sea-voyage for me. The Government very kindly permitted me to take the round voyage to Porto Rico and Cuba on one of the transports, the *Berlin*, now the *Meade*. On the third day out, I went down again. Everybody on the ship, including two eminent army physicians, pooh-poohed my feeble attempt to describe my illness as typhoid fever, everybody said it was sea-sickness. If a man breaks his leg on a ship, you know, it is "sea-sickness."

Well, they would not be persuaded that anything was the matter with me until we got to Porto Rico. I struggled ashore at San Juan and walked through the streets of that picturesque little town in company with the others of the party until we reached Morro Castle, where I promptly collapsed. It was evident, then, to everybody, that there was no "sea-sickness" about it. I was taken back to the ship and placed in one of the captain's spare cabins—genial Captain George Willson, his kindness shall never be forgotten—which perhaps proved my salvation, and

there I began a three months wrestle with the typhoid fever.

It seems to me that, outside of a physician, nobody knows much more about typhoid fever than I do. I saw closely, I suppose, three or four hundred cases—and casually countless numbers in addition—and I had it myself. It is not a bad disease to have. You get so you do not much care about anything. Fortunately, my wife was with me on the ship, and to her, the captain's cabin, and the electric fan, I owe my life.

The transport was delayed a long time in Santiago Harbor, but I saw little or nothing. I did have a mirror arranged on the wall so that when the ship swung with the tide I could catch reflected glimpses of the harbor. In this way I saw the wrecks of the *Merrimac* and the *Reina Mercedes*, and had a sight of the grim Morro Castle, as we finally swept out of the harbor, but that was all. It was so disappointing not to have seen more.

On account of the undue length of the voyage all the provisions gave out. It didn't matter much to me, for I did not take anything but Apollinaris, a case of which was fortunately found at Santiago and devoted to my use. When we reached New York everybody apparently, except the officers, immediately deserted the ship. Had it not been for the kindness of one of the passengers, who went up to the army building and presented

my case to the authorities, I might have been there yet.

They sent a tug-boat down to the steamer. I was wrapped up in blankets, for it was late in November, and very cold by contrast with Cuba, laid on a stretcher, slung over the side of the ship, dropped to the deck of the tug and landed at Jersey City. Eight sailors carried me in relays into the station. They laid the stretcher down in the waiting-room, while my wife and friends went off to attend to the tickets, and get a special car with a lounge in it, hooked on to the train.

I was the object of much interest to the passengers in the station. Of course, I had on my uniform, and they surmised I was a soldier. They crowded about me as if I had been a freak. Their comments were as frank as if I had been deaf, dumb, or dead. They discussed my looks, the nature of my disease, the probabilities of my recovery, and everything else in the coolest manner. I am willing to believe that their minds were filled with compassion, but it certainly was a dreadful exhibition of bad breeding. I could not speak above a whisper, so it would have been useless to protest, and I believe I was not altogether myself, but I can recall the rage that filled my heart at the situation.

The train had a buffet car, and by the doctor's permission I was given a glass of milk with a little bread. I have seen Ganymede now. In

my case he was black—a Pullman car porter! But there is no denying that the stuff he brought me was the nectar of the gods. It was a great relief after three weeks of starvation and Apollinaris.

Through some mistake when I reached Philadelphia the physicians and stretcher-bearers were not there to meet me. The colored porters grabbed me by the shoulder, instead of lifting me up, and dragged me through the narrow passage at the end of the Pullman car, and laid me down on the platform of the Broad Street Station. Fortunately, the doctor and his assistants came, and I did at last reach home—in a collapsed state.

I did not die, and I sometimes smile when I see the care that is lavished upon typhoid fever patients under more favorable conditions. A man does not know what he can stand until he tries it. Now, if anything, I had a much easier time with my typhoid than almost any other person who had it in the service. I was better cared for, better quartered, and better looked after than thousands and thousands of soldiers, and I only tell this that people may realize from my light experience what hardships the men in the hospitals had to undergo.

I was just three months at Chickamauga. During that time the war was finished, and our regiment was ordered home to be mustered out. We reached Philadelphia late in the evening. It

was night when we marched up Broad Street amid cheering thousands, and under a perfect blaze of light. When I was a naval cadet I marched in a Presidential inauguration parade, and various organizations to which I have belonged have been loudly cheered on different public occasions, but I never witnessed such an ovation as we received when we came home that night. It was good for the heart, and, somehow, seemed to repay us for all our hardships, sufferings, and disappointments. The people had been waiting all day to see the regiment come home, and if they were glad to see us, be sure we were more than glad to see them and home.

I think the hour when I rode up to the door of my home, dismounted from the back of the faithful Clifford and entered my own house with the consciousness that all was safely over, and found all my dear ones well and happy, was one of the happiest in my life. I did not know of the three months' siege with fever preparing for me then, mentioned above, so my joy was quite undimmed.

PART THREE

STORIES OF ARMY AND NAVY LIFE

STANDING AND WAITING

"They also serve who only stand and wait"

It was the night we heard at Chickamauga the news from Santiago; as calm and sweet a night as one ever saw. Tattoo had just sounded, and down on the company streets we could hear the first sergeants sharply calling their rolls, the replies of the men, in voices of differing pitch and many keys, making a sort of vocal patchwork in the still night. Several of the officers were gathered under the broad fly of a hospital tent used for the colonel's head-quarters,. when an officer from division head-quarters, a surgeon, I think, came stumbling into the lighted circle from the darkness outside.

"General Poland's compliments to Colonel Good, and he directs me to inform you that there has been a desperate battle at Santiago, with many casualties, but we have captured forts at San Juan and El Caney, and now command the town."

We sprang to our feet and cheered wildly as the officer continued:

"The general says you may pass the word among the men, and let them turn out. Yes, the band, too," he added, in response to a query.

"Orderlies," said the colonel, promptly, and the two men needed no other direction, but in an instant were running toward the company streets with the precious tidings. And then a cheer arose, which grew in volume as the news spread along the line, until the whole camp was one continuous roar. The men hesitated in front of their lines, and then broke away from the streets and ran to the open space before the colonel's tent, the band came hurrying out, playing, frantically, "The Star-spangled Banner" and "America," and everybody sang. Then, just as they were half-dressed, in every sort of a combination from a jock strap to a poncho, headed by the band, they took up the line of march to the division headquarters. By this time the whole division was in an uproar. It was almost as exciting as a battle, and pathetic in its way. The men had been so eager to get to the front, they were so anxious for action, they entered so thoroughly into the joy of the victory, clustering about General Poland and General Rosser, with shouts of,

"Where do we come in?"

"Give us a chance."

"We'll show 'em."

"We'll follow you."

"Oh, for our turn," etc.

Finally, in their enthusiasm, they began picking up the different officers, crying one to another:

"What's the matter with ——?"

"He's too good for this earth."

"Shoulder him then," and up he would go, the men holding him, actually leaping and dancing in time to the music, blowing itself hoarse between "Dixie" and "Marching through Georgia." I don't know which had the worst of it, the tossers or the tossed! It was long after the usual hour for taps when they finally marched back to the camp and settled down for the night. And that was life, the strong full life that beat and throbbed in the army and through the camp, before they were caught in the withering, blasting grasp of the fever.

The beginnings of the fever were present even then, however, and that night about two o'clock a message called me to the hospital. One of the boys was dying, the first one who died in our division, perhaps the first in the army corps, or at the camp, the first of a long line. He had had a long, slow fight with the fever, and the strength was gone out of him. He was lying on a canvas cot in one of the division hospital tents, covered with an army blanket. Nearly as close as they could be placed together were many other cots, each with its wretched occupant. A flaring, ill-smelling oil lantern threw a wavering, uncertain light over the scene. There was no one there but the doctor, the hospital attendant, the dying man's brother, the other sick men and myself. There was indeed a lack of woman's nursing and a dearth of woman's

tears. We stood and watched him in silence. A head lifted for a moment from a cot here and there, only to fall helplessly back after a wild glance toward the dying comrade, bespoke the deep, almost fearful personal interest of the other men. The sick man was unconscious, though, at long intervals, he would rouse himself and mutter a few words. As I bent to listen I heard him say, "I belong to the First Pennsylvania—I belong to the First Pennsylvania." He said it over and over again before he died. I saw many of them die; and, strange as it may seem, without exception, their thoughts in the delirium preceding death invariably turned, not toward home, or mother, or wife, or friends, but to the regiment, the First Pennsylvania. "Don't take me away from the regiment," "I want to go forward with the regiment," "I belong to the First Pennsylvania," invariably formed the burden of their thoughts.

This particular boy didn't make any fuss about dying—for the matter of that very few of them did. He just drifted away. There would be a short catching breath, and a long pause, another breath and a longer pause, and so on painfully and interminably; the gray dawn came stealing through the open tent, the cool soft breeze of morning, of breaking day, lifted gently the folds of canvas, and swept across the fevered brow, the long struggle was almost over, our vigil nearing

its end, there was the same breath, but shorter, the same pause, but longer, and then we waited—and waited while the pause lengthened and remained unbroken—that was all. Not amid the roar of battle, not in the wild excitement of the charge, but there in the camp, within the sickening walls of the field hospital, in the gray of the morning, a young soldier had laid down his life for love of his country. Dead in the line of duty—dead on the field of honor—what more? He took his rightful place among his brethren who fell on the grassy slopes of San Juan, nay among his elder brothers, the thousands who, years before, upon that self-same field, had given a new and deeper significance to the old Indian named "River of Death," the bloody Chickamauga. All that he had—his life—he had yielded up. What better or nobler could one give?

Coincident with the last breath of the first soldier, like "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing," from the hills above us where the headquarters lay, came the first clear note of reveille. You know the rude rhyme of the soldiers. With what pathetic significance the words ran through our minds then:

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning.
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all.

Often and often had that silent soldier responded to that call, and even to-day it had a message for him. "Awake, O Soldier," it seemed to say, as the bugle corps of one regiment after another caught the refrain and sent the chorus ringing through the morning—"Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

And this, too, was life—but life eternal!

THE WORST SOLDIER OF THE REGIMENT

THOSE of us who were conscious of anything in particular during the drowsy hour of rest which usually follows morning battalion drill and precedes the noonday mess call, had been, for some time, vaguely aware of the music (save the mark!) of a distant band, which seemed to be coming in our direction. However, since wandering bands were continually promenading through the park at all hours of the day and some of the night, no one gave it a moment's thought, until, far down on the flank of the camp, some of us saw a little procession entering our confines through the guard line, when we immediately awoke to the fact that it was the new band, which had been recently organized in Philadelphia, and which had been fondly expected; it was followed by a large number of men just recruited to fill out the quota of the regiment.

The old regiment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania rather prided itself upon the high character and essential fitness not only of its officers but of the rank and file as well, and it must be confessed that there was much disappointment felt and expressed, among those who thought

that four months of service had turned them into veterans, at the character, or lack of character, in the last batch of "Rookies" which filed down in front of the men, through the officers' street, and finally lined up in front of the head-quarters, the band blowing and beating itself hoarse between "El Capitan" and "A Hot Time."

A dirty, dusty, ragged, tired lot of recruits they were. The wild cheers with which they were greeted by the rest of the men, who were wont to cheer on the slightest provocation, had a ring of irony quite perceptible. As one officer said, while he surveyed this modern type of Falstaff's company, the whole scene reminded him of that famous entry so justly celebrated in the rhyme of our childhood, beginning, "*Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark, the beggars are coming to town!*" Save for the absence of anything suggesting a velvet gown, the simulacrum was perfect. To show how erroneous were our first impressions, though it does not appertain to this story, I wish to bear witness to the fact that, after they had been hammered into shape by the powers that be, from the corporals up, and, after a lapse of many weeks, had been provided with certain indispensable articles of uniform by a beneficent but exceedingly dilatory Government, they became good soldiers and averaged very well with the rest.

There were some, however, who fully lived up to

the bad impression of their first appearance—the sore-eyed, the weak-hearted, the chronically afflicted, the evil-minded, who were either got rid of with more or less promptitude, or stayed to become centres of unpleasantness to long-suffering tent-mates and thorns in the sides of equally long-suffering officers. This is the history of the worst of them all. I don't use the word "worst" in the sense of vicious or depraved, but rather to express, as the men did themselves, the entirely comprehensive worthlessness of the man as a soldier. He was speedily known in that sense as the "worst soldier of the regiment." Worthless he was in the beginning, and worthless he remained until the end. Yet he was not too worthless, as I afterward learned, to have gained a woman's love, and what is more, he kept it until that same end. Nay, perhaps he has it now! God knows! Any fool, as most of us know, can gain a woman's heart, but it usually takes a man to keep it.

The day after the "grand entry" it rained dismally and wretchedly all day long. All except necessary duties were suspended; all who could do so confined themselves to the poor shelter of their leaky canvas, and the newly joined were, of course, homesick to a man. During the afternoon I was sitting alone under the fly of my tent, looking out upon the dismal scene. The camp was located on a gentle slope, and the water was

running in broad sheets over the ground. There is nothing so dreary as a camp in a pouring rain. The charm of life in the open air, the play of the sunlight upon the white tents under the trees, the hum of busy life, the moving of men, the shrill calling of the bugle, with the flash of arms, all disappear, and Israel seeks its tents and can only wait while the spirit slowly deliquesces in the humid air.

I was mournfully thinking of home myself, while listlessly wondering whether or no the rainy torrent would sweep over the little embankment around the tent and flood my belongings, when I was aware of the shuffling figure of a man, splashing and slopping through the water, coming toward me. He stopped in front of the tent and leaned heavily upon the upright pole which supported the ridge pole. He was dressed in a very soiled pair of cotton flannel drawers, his feet were clad in a worn-out pair of shoes, a blue shirt with one sleeve gone peeped out from beneath a borrowed poncho, and the water dripped from a soggy, shapeless mass of dull brown felt which had once been a derby. He saluted awkwardly with his disengaged hand, and said:

"Be you the priest, sir?"

"Yes," said I, "I'm the chaplain. Let go of the pole and stand up like a soldier." He obeyed slowly, staring at me in an astonished way.

"Now, if you wish to speak to me, my friend,

come in out of the rain, and sit down on that stool like a man."

While he was doing this I had taken stock of him. He was a wretched, abject-looking specimen of humanity. His head made a curve with his breast, his shoulders with his back, his back with his legs, and, altogether, if one can imagine a ripple with all the beauty out of it and nothing left but "ripple," he might have a vague idea of the shambling, loose-jointed specimen before me. He looked as though he might run together and spread himself out on the ground like the rain at the slightest provocation. His backbone was as sinuous as an eel's, without its suppleness, and he shook like a falsetto quaver. His countenance was of that shape commonly known as dish-faced, two of his front teeth were gone, and his little, lop-sided mustache only served to call attention to a weak mouth and a weaker chin beneath. As he looked at me out of his faded blue eyes, from which the tears slowly trickled down his cheeks, he was so forlorn and miserable a being that he almost stepped over the narrow boundary which divides the grotesque from the serious, and became a tragedy of the commonplace.

I opened the conversation myself.

"What is your name?"

"Men ame is Terence Flaherty, sir?"

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-one years and ten months, sir."

"Are those the only clothes you have?"

"Well, sir, I worked for a tea house at home and wore a uniform, and when I came away they took it from me."

"Haven't you any others to wear?"

"I had, sir, but they told us to wear our old clothes, and mine were very old and torn, and the boys on the train made way with them, and the man with the stripes——"

"The sergeant," said I.

"Yes, sir, him it was that lent me this gum-cloth. He told me to see you, sir."

"All right," I said, rising, "I will see if I can get you some clothes."

"It isn't that, sir," he said, quickly, laying a detaining hand on my arm. "I will get along with these until I get others, but I want to go back home. I've a wife left with nothing but a child that is coming, and I can't stand it to be away from her now."

"Why didn't you think of that when you enlisted?" said I.

"I didn't know what I was about then, sir. I was that mad with drink and rage that I couldn't tell what I was doing at all."

"How was that?" I asked, feeling that perhaps there was a story behind it all. And a poor little miserable story it proved to be when told—just like the man who told it.

"You see, sir, about seven months ago me and

her run away and got married. This is her picture, sir." He drew from some place inside his shirt a cheap tintype, covered with a bit of soiled cloth, and, unwrapping it, handed it to me. I couldn't detect the slightest vestige of grace or charm in the commonplace face that stared up at me from out the gaudy paper frame. As I handed it back to him, he looked at it in an adoring way, and wiped away two tears, which fell upon the shining surface, before he replaced it in his breast.

"You see, sir, her folks doesn't like me. They are well-to-do—the old man, he keeps a saloon—so they forbid me the house. But she loved me, and, both of us being of age, we run off and got married; and, though they wouldn't speak to us, we lived in one room, and had a pretty time until we had a quarrel about—about nothing at all, sir, until she said she was going to see her father and mother and try to get friends again; and I said it was a reflection on me and I wouldn't have it, and, if she went away in spite of me, I would go and join the army; and she said I wasn't man enough to do it, and said she was going to see her mother anyway. Well, sir, when I got back from work that night she was gone, and there was a letter for me saying she would be back in the morning, or next day, perhaps. Then I went off and got a drink or two, and—here I am, sir." With that he fairly put his head down upon his hands and sobbed.

"Well, Flaherty," said I, "I will do what I can for you, but I don't believe it will be very much. The thing for you to do now is to brace up and be a man. You're here, and I'm afraid you'll have to stay here, but I think it will not be for very long. I believe this war will be over and we shall all be home in the fall at the farthest. You bring me your pay every month" (which he faithfully did—his one good trait), "when you get any, and I will send it home to your wife, and then we'll get the National Relief Association to help her, and we will manage to pull through somehow or other. Meanwhile, I'll get you some clothes to cover up your nakedness until your uniform is issued, and you do your level best."

After a little more advice and consolation of a similar nature, he sobbed out his thanks, and, promising to be a man, shuffled away in the rain. I saw the old sergeant of his company shortly afterward, and spoke to him of the boy, telling him of the promise to brace up. I may remark, in passing, whenever a man in that company became dirty and inefficient thereafter the men always spoke of him as having taken "a Flaherty brace": so entirely barren of results were Flaherty's efforts—if he made any—to improve, that his "brace" had become a by-word.

He was a dead, flat failure at everything; not vicious, as I have said, but negligent, careless, indifferent, slothful, and dirty; constantly report-

ed for trivial offences, always wrong at drill, exasperating everyone who came in contact with him, and continually moaning to go back to his beloved Kathleen and her prospective infant. When the fever entered the camp he was among the first to be stricken down, and in the hospital, where most of the men bore the sufferings of the disease, which were so much enhanced by the dreadful conditions prevalent, without repining, like the heroes they were, and died uncomplaining, Flaherty was speedily voted by the doctors and nurses the worst patient there. Though he was by no means the most severely attacked, his miserable constitution made the issue gravely problematical.

Meanwhile, during the two months that had elapsed since his enlistment, I had received frequent letters from Kathleen. It seemed that she had speedily repented her unwifely disobedience, and had gone back to her attic only to find her liege lord departed. Retracing, with sudden access of loyalty to her husband, the first steps toward reconciliation with her parents which had been taken, she lived alone and waited only for her husband's return, which she besought the colonel and almost every other officer in the regiment speedily to effect, "for the love of heaven, unless you wish me death upon your hands, and the child's too, for we cannot live without him at all." Some of these letters are before me now.

Soiled, ill-spelt, badly expressed as they are, there breathes through them a genuine note of human passion. It was love and devotion beyond question, but the woman's heart was plainly breaking under the strain of absence. The colonel and I felt the deepest sympathy for her, and had tried previously to have her husband discharged, but somehow the matter failed, and the papers never came. Meanwhile Flaherty grew steadily weaker, and Kathleen went to a hospital for her expected confinement. They exchanged daily letters through a hospital nurse and myself, and the anxiety of each for the other was pitiful to see.

When the hospital-train to bring the sick back home, where they could get decent treatment, which the good citizens of Philadelphia had most generously provided, reached Chickamauga, Flaherty, in the opinion of the physicians, was too weak to stand the rough ambulance journey to the train. In fact, they were well assured that his days—nay, his very hours—were numbered, and that it would be useless to take him away; but when he learned that it was proposed to leave him behind, he begged so hard, and his condition became so bad between excitement and disappointment, that it was evident the results would be worse if he were left than if he were taken, and so they gave a reluctant consent to his departure.

From the moment that he became so ill, the men

had taken the deepest interest in his condition, and the story of his love-affair, of which he had told them, had awakened their intense sympathy. Their first inquiry whenever I came up from the division hospital was, "How is Flaherty, sir?" When they heard that he could not ride in the ambulance they volunteered themselves to carry him through the wood to the station, a distance of three miles, and this is how they managed it. Four men took the litter; one man carried a bucket of ice, from which a second continually bathed the sick man's forehead, or from time to time gave him a drink; another held an umbrella over him, and still another fanned him. Attended by a numerous body of reliefs, they bore him under the trees to the train, and deposited him safely on his cot in the hospital-car.

Inasmuch as that was the first hospital-train sent out by anyone during the war, some account of it may be of interest. The interior fittings had been taken out of several ordinary day coaches and replaced by a double row of wire cots, one on each side of the car; the windows and doors were screened, and the cars vestibuled with rope for safety in passing. A physician and two trained nurses and two orderlies were detailed for each car. The train was made up as follows: first, a coach for convalescents, three hospital-cars, a baggage car filled with ice-boxes, supplies, and storage-tanks, then four more hospital-cars, followed

by a sleeper and combination hotel-car for the accommodation of the officers, nurses, etc. Everything, of course, was spotlessly clean, and there was an abundance of supplies of all kinds—for instance, all the milk and ice which could be used. To most of the men, after the crowded, inadequately provided division hospital, the train must have seemed like heaven, with the white-capped nurses as angels.

I accompanied the train in my capacity as chaplain, and when I came to Flaherty's cot on my first round, as the train was speeding onward through the night, I asked him how he liked it, and if this were not better than the hospital. He replied, weakly: "Oh, it is well enough, sir, but this cot rocks awful, and the pillow isn't comfortable, and I am on the wrong side of the car." He was plainly weaker than he had been, but when I tried to comfort him he brushed me aside with this remark: "Well, sir, nothing ain't anything to me, and no place is anywhere till I get to see Kathleen again." When I knelt and prayed with him he seemed to listen attentively, but when I had finished he said: "Them's good prayers, but you didn't say 'em loud enough," and then turned his face to the side of the car. Though he had promised to make a last attempt to brace up, this time for Kathleen, his success was no better than before.

With every succeeding hour he got weaker, and

finally, on the second day out—for the train went slowly, with frequent stops for rest—he sank into a semi-comatose state, from which he never fully rallied. In his delirium, contrary to the almost universal habit of the others who had died, whose last thought had run mainly to the regiment of which they were a part, and to which they had given their lives, he babbled only of his wife and the expected child. Indeed, I judged from what Kathleen's letters had predicted that the lamp of life in that poor little soul must have already been lighted while that of the father was flickering away.

On the morning of the day on which we finally arrived at Philadelphia, the train stopped for a few moments on a high embankment which was covered with passion vines in full bloom. I ran from the car and began gathering the exquisite blossoms. Several little indigenous negro boys, under the stimulus of a nickel each, vigorously aided me, and before the train started I had a great armful of the flowers, which I distributed among the sick men in the cars. The nurse and the doctor were standing by poor Flaherty's cot when I entered the car, and I noticed that, save for the roar of the train, it was very still—it was that silent tribute which even the meanest of humanity pays to a brother when he steps out into the future. I stood there with the other two, listening to the short catch in the

throat and the long pause following before the next came, which had become so sadly familiar. Then I knelt down and laid the passion flowers upon his breast, over the thin wasted hands, and began to repeat the words of Jesus where He says:

"*Our Father who art in heaven; hallowed be Thy*"—the boy was saying something! I stopped—listened—there was a struggle, a little choking sound—a whispered word, "Kathleen." That was all. And lo! the worst soldier in the regiment had died—even as the best!

How run the words of the broken prayer? "*Thy will be done,*" and so on, while the train sped swiftly forward through the glorious morning, homeward bound. We dressed him in his uniform and laid him on a cot in the baggage-car, and covered him with the flag, with the passion flowers still about his folded hands. There was a sort of dignity in the plain, weak face, and when I looked upon it ere I covered it over, and thought of the master passion of his useless, wasted life, for the first time I respected, nay, I almost loved him. That evening when the train reached Philadelphia, after my duties had been performed, I took a cab and with a heavy heart drove to the hospital to tell Kathleen. Admitted there after some delay, I disclosed my errand to the superintendent.

"You must not tell her that he is dead," said

the physician. "The baby came this morning and she is about gone now. She has been crazy to see her husband, though, and if you could reconcile your conscience to bring her some message, or——" he hesitated and looked at me anxiously.

"I can," I said, promptly, "and I will. I think I understand exactly what you want. Where is she?"

"Thank you," he said, simply; "come this way."

We entered a room of the hospital. Was I never to get away from hospitals in the army? I wondered.

"This is she," said the doctor, pointing to a bed by the window. There lay the original of the picture I had seen. I have that picture now, and I like to look upon it; it has a charm which it never had before. The doctor spoke to her tenderly, partially rousing her from the stupor in which she lay. From a cot beside her came the feeble cry of new-born life.

"Kathleen," he said, "here is the chaplain of your husband's regiment."

She looked at me vacantly.

"Chaplain Brady," I said, distinctly, bending toward her. Her eyes brightened at once.

"My husband?" she said, in a whisper. "Where is he?"

"It is well with him," I answered slowly, laying my hand upon her head, softly. "You will

see him in a little while now, and he sends you these." As I spoke, I laid upon her breast some of the passion flowers of the Southland, which I had taken from over the still heart under the flag. A faint little smile flickered across her pale face as she clasped the flowers in her hand and by a great effort carried them to her lips.

"Terence!" she whispered, and then upon her fell that eternal stillness in which breaks the eternal day.

Terence and Kathleen were together again!

HOW THE FIRST PENNSYLVANIA CHARGED UP SAN JUAN HILL

One of the features of the work of a chaplain in the volunteer army lay in the attention exacted from him by the great numbers of letters of all sorts which he received. They came from doting fathers, fond mothers, affectionate sisters, and despairing sweethearts; sometimes also from the ever-present bill collector, whom not even wars and rumors of wars could daunt; with inquiries, requests, directions, appeals, regarding the welfare, whereabouts, debts, and other conditions of the different men in the regiment.

Sometimes the letters were sad, and sometimes they were gay, sometimes well written, sometimes ill-done, sometimes blotted with tears, and between the lines telling dreary little stories of poverty, anxiety, and breaking hearts.

The one that seemed the saddest of all these letters to me concerned Nichols. "Dear Sir" (it read), "you are the minister of the army" (which I was not, only of one regiment of it, of course), "and I have took the liberty of writing to you. Tell Jim Nichols that his wife has run off with another man, Pete O'Donnell, and she left this letter for him which I inclose. She owes me two

weeks' board, which is five dollars, which I wish you would get him to send to me. I am a poor woman and can't afford to lose it. Please tell Jim I am sorry for him."

If the envelope had contained a snake which had bitten me when I had opened it, I could not have been more shocked than I was when I saw this wretched story staring from the white page in the morning sunlight. Everybody knew and liked "the old Nick," as he was sportively called, the liveliest, jolliest, and most cheerful boy of the thousand who made up our quota; into every sort of fun that was going on, and sometimes getting into trouble in consequence thereof, but a well-drilled, well-set-up, soldierly fellow, whom his officers secretly admired even when they were called upon to administer a reprimand to him; always willing for any duty, and never growling and kicking at the hard conditions under which soldiering was done in that army.

He was wildly attached to his pretty, foolish, shallow-pated little wife, of whose charms he prated so continually to everybody, that the whole regiment knew of his devotion to her, though no man ever dared to speak lightly of it, or her, unless he was prepared to take a most tremendous thrashing, for Nichols was most apt to teach, by practical exemplification, the noble art of self-defence to all and sundry.

He used to read to me her poor, selfish little

letters. He just had to confide in somebody, you see, and the chaplain was the natural receptacle of his confidence. He and I were exceedingly good friends, and we sometimes used to go away from the camp and wander out into the wood, especially on Sunday afternoons, where he would talk to me by the hour of the perfections of his Dulcinea; which was evidently a great comfort to him, though, of course, rather burdensome to me; and this was now the end of it all, I thought, as I wondered how I should best approach him with the news.

Mail was distributed just before mess call, and I saw him down in his company street, which happened to be in front of my tent, skylarking gayly with some of the men. After dinner I strolled down to his tent and invited him to take a short walk with me before afternoon drill call sounded. We went off to a quiet part of the wood on the flank of the camp, and in a sunny little hollow, secluded from the eyes of the curious who might happen to be watching, we stopped, and I began the story.

"Nichols," I said, "you are a man and a soldier, but you need all the pluck and courage that you have now, for I have bad news for you, my boy."

I could see his face pale under his black curly hair, but I had spoken truly when I said he was a man of courage, and he stopped walking

and stood erect as if to brace himself for the shock.

"Is it about Ellie? For God's sake, Chaplain, is anything the matter with her? Have you got any news?" he said, in wild anxiety, yet striving to control himself.

"Yes," said I, "bad news."

"Is she sick, sir? Quick, don't keep me waitin'. She's not dead, is she?"

"Not dead, Jim; I wish to heaven she were," I rapped out unthinkingly.

"What do you mean?" he cried, stepping forward menacingly. "She's not sick?"

"No."

"Nor dead?"

"No."

"What, then?"

"Dishonored," I said, quietly.

"Damn you," said Jim, clutching my shoulder —I can feel the force of the grasp yet—"if you wasn't a preacher, I'd kill you where you stand. As 'tis, officer or no officer, I'll give you the worst lickin' you ever got in your life if you don't unsay them words, so help me God. No man's goin' to say that about my wife and me not resent it, if it's the general of the army himself. D'ye hear?" he continued.

"Hands off, my lad," I said, "I'm awfully sorry for you, but I have it in a letter here."

"Whose letter?"

"Mrs. Jones's, your wife's landlady," I answered.

"Do you think I'd believe Mrs. Jones or her letters or the letters of the whole world against my wife?" The man was magnificent in his faith. I would have given worlds to have left him in his sublime belief, but duty would not permit me.

"Perhaps you would believe her own letter, Jim," said I, handing him the note which Mrs. Jones had enclosed. He had taken his hand from my shoulder now, and as I handed him his wife's letter, he tore it open frantically, and a glance sufficed to put him in possession of the brief contents, which confirmed the terrible facts.

"Dear Jim" (it read), "I got so lonesome, you was so far away, and I didn't have no money, and so I have gone away with—well, with another man. Please forgive me. I am awfully sorry for you. I guess you won't care much after awhile about such a no-account girl as me."

He put his hand to his head in a dazed way, and handing me the letter, bade me read it. While I glanced over it, I slipped my arm about him as he stood there, whiter than before, trembling in the sunlight. He had the instincts of a gentleman, had that rude soldier, however, and his first broken words were to me.

"I beg your pardon, Chaplain, for what I said a minute ago."

"That's all right, Jim," I answered, "your anger

did you honor. This is awfully hard on you. I wish I could help you in some way."

"To think of it," he answered, brokenly, "here I am down here, givin' up my good position to serve my country, and sendin' her every cent of money I draw—you know, Doctor, I only kept back one dollar for myself from my pay last month, because you sent it yourself, and I've loved her, and bragged about her, and dreamed about her, and trusted her—my God, I'll never trust anybody or anything again. Curse her!" he shook his fist up at the heavens above him. "May she know what it is to trust and be deceived like this, to love and be broken!"

I thought he was going to have a fit; but as I laid my hand upon his shoulder, begging him to play the man, his thoughts ran in another direction.

"Oh," he cried, "what have I said? Wherever she is, wherever she goes, whatever she does, I love her, and I'll love her to the end. I am a damn fool, that's what I am."

All the afternoon we walked up and down together. It was a frightful period. The man was torn to pieces between rage and despair and passionate devotion; he raved, he sobbed, he cried, he even prayed. There would be a bad time for the man who had ruined his life if he ever came across his path, I thought.

I succeeded in getting him somewhat quiet tow-

ard evening, and we walked back to the camp, where I gave his company officers such excuses, on the plea of bad news from home, as would suffice to insure his escape from punishment for failure to attend to his drills and duties that after-noon.

The next morning when I went to his tent to seek him he was gone. He turned up that night raging drunk, and as quarrelsome in his cups as he had been cheerful in his senses. He fought his best friend, and, in the uproar created, was promptly arrested. I found him sullen and dogged in the guard-tent the next morning, and he turned a deaf ear to all my entreaties that he should brace up and be a man again. He said he had been treated like a dog, and a dog he was, and a dog he would be.

I had an abiding faith in the poor man, however, and made such representations and told enough of the story to the colonel as sufficed to make that usually stern disciplinarian relax a little in this instance, and, after being severely reprimanded, Nichols was restored to duty.

But it was of no use, the man seemed to be irretrievably ruined. Whenever he got a chance, he got drunk, and when he got drunk, he got ugly. Indeed, when not in his cups, the betrayal rankled in his soul, and, brooding upon his wrongs, had turned him into a sullen, morose, savage animal. From the most popular man, he finally became the

most disliked man in the regiment, and, with the unthinking cruelty of the multitude, the dislike gave rise to a process of baiting by different individuals who sought safety in the numbers engaged in the game. It was about as safe to bait the man in his present condition as it would be to bait a loose grizzly bear.

I had several times interfered in the process in the very nick of time to prevent serious consequences, for I had kept close watch upon him, and I had about made up my mind, seeing that my hopes for a cessation of the teasings were more or less fruitless, to appeal to the colonel to have it stopped, when one of the foremost of his tormentors, who had unfortunately that morning received from a common acquaintance at home a version of Mrs. Nichols' disgraceful action, threw it into Jim's face in a particularly insulting way in the presence of a crowd of men.

When I broke through the crowd in the street, a moment after, the man was lying senseless on the ground. At first I thought he was dead. Nichols had picked him up in the air bodily, and had thrown him from him as if he had been a child. His head was cut frightfully, his arm was twisted underneath his body and broken, and the doctor said the consequences might be serious. Of course, poor Nichols was immediately arrested, charges at once being preferred.

I felt it would go hard with him this time, on ac-

count of his previous bad record, in spite of the extenuating circumstances, about which the men who were present had told me. I determined, however, to do what I could for him, but that night he escaped. In some way, we never knew how, he got rid of the irons on his hands and feet, cut a hole in the guard-tent, knocked over a sentry, and disappeared, and that was the last we saw of him. He was not re-captured, though the limits of the camp and the surrounding country were scoured the next day.

When the regiment came home in September to be mustered out, I found a letter in my office from one of the surgeons at Camp Wikoff to the effect that there was a man dying in the camp hospital from fever, who was continually asking for me. Would I come up and see him? The man's papers showed that his name was John Nelson, and that he belonged to a New York regiment, but in the ravings of the fever he continually spoke of himself as Jim Nichols, and claimed to be a private of the First Pennsylvania.

I went up to him at once, of course. Sure enough, it was Jim. He had been shot through the body before Santiago, and, as he was recovering from his wound, had taken the fever. I arrived at the camp hospital just in time to see him die. He was almost gone when I reached his bedside. When I spoke to him, he opened his eyes, and finally recognized me.

"Chaplain," he said, thickly, "it's all right, I am glad to go—I done my duty for the honor of the First Pennsylvania, thank God. Tell her—I forgive her—Ellie."

I nodded acquiescence, and knelt by his side, but the sound of his own words of forgiveness was the last thing he ever heard in this world. From some of the dead man's companions in the New York regiment, and some of the black men of the regular cavalry, whom I hunted up, I learned later what had happened to him. After he deserted us he went down to Tampa, and, I suppose, he realized on the way what he had done, and resolved to turn over a new leaf.

When he learned that the New Yorkers were going to Santiago, he enlisted in their regiment. In the hurry and confusion of embarkation they were in no way particular in their questions, and he got on the rolls without difficulty. He had stopped his drinking, perhaps, only because he had no more money, and, though he had not regained his cheerfulness, he went about his duties with a quiet attention which elicited favorable comment from his officers. On the morning the regiment went out with the others of Kent's division to storm San Juan Hill, he was in the color guard.

We all know how disgracefully the greater part of that regiment behaved on that occasion, chiefly, I presume, I may say wholly, on account of the

pusillanimous conduct of many of its officers. At any rate, while they were lying in the long grass, hugging the earth, afraid to go forward in the face of the withering fire poured upon them from the Spanish Mausers, and unable to go back, some of them, to the credit of the regiment be it spoken, and for the honor of their State, did not give way to the prevalent fear, and chafed bitterly at their situation, and when the black men of the Tenth Regular Cavalry came swarming over them it was more than Nichols, for one, could stand.

"By heaven!" he shouted, leaping to his feet and seizing the colors, "I won't stay here with a lot of worthless cowards to be trampled upon and shot to death. I'm goin' up the hill; who'll go along? I belong to the First Pennsylvania, anyhow."

Perhaps a hundred or two hundred soldiers from the regiment sprang to their feet at the same time, and, led by several officers of more courage than the others, they joined the mad rush up the bullet-swept hill. Just as they reached the crest, Jim, who had been gallantly leading the charge, was shot through the body. He fell near a regular of the Sixth Cavalry, who was desperately wounded, dying, in fact.

A wounded sergeant of the Tenth lay near the two, and he told me of the colloquy that followed. The white regular was moaning for water; it

seemed that Jim's canteen happened to be full of the precious fluid.

"I can't stand this," he said to his black friend, "I've got to crawl over and give that man a drink if it kills me."

Slowly and painfully he dragged himself through the thick coarse grass and made his way over to the soldier, still moaning piteously for water.

"When he come near enough to see his face," said the black man who told the tale, "he drop' his canteen an' he say, 'Gord A'mighty, it's you, is it, you black-hearted devil! Where's Ellie?' An' the other man, he say, 'She done lef' me, es she lef' you in Philadelphia.' Then Jim say, 'What are you a doin' here?' An' he answer, 'Just dyin', Jim, that's all; you're too late, you can't do nothin' to me now. Water, for God's sake, if you have any, gimme a drop.' An' then he say, 'May I be damned eternally if I'd give you a drop if I had a whole river in my hand;' an' presently he raise up on his elbow an' he look at him, slow like, and after a minute he up an' shove the nozzle of the canteen to his mouth, an' then he say, 'Drink, damn ye,' an' then he fell down with his head on the other man's breast. I thought they were both dead—the other man was dead, but Jim didn't die then."

After the battle he partially recovered from his wound, and then took the fever in his weakness and died at Montauk. I saw him buried

properly and went back to my missionary work in Philadelphia.

Late one cold, rainy, winter night a few months after this I had been visiting one of our mission stations, a rescue mission, which we kept open all night. I came down a lonely street in the very worst quarter of the town, and turning a corner ran across a woman drunk and baited by half a dozen loafers. She was trembling with cold and terror, and with the assistance of an opportune policeman she was easily rescued from her tormentors. She sank down on a doorstep at our feet, a limp, ragged, dirty, wretched scrap of humanity, the lowest of the low.

"Shall I run her in?" asked the policeman. "I reckon the station-house is the best place for the likes of her."

"No," I said to the officer, whom I knew slightly, "I will take care of her."

"What are you goin' to do with her, Parson?" asked the man, curiously.

"I will take her down to the Crittenton Home, if she will go."

"She'll go fast enough, I reckon; she's got no place else to go, have you?" said the officer.

"No, I ain't, and I'll go anywhere to get out of this cold and wet," she replied, sullenly.

I assisted her to her feet, and then took her by the arm to guide and help her, and we walked toward the home. I could see that she had certainly

once been pretty. She bluntly refused to talk to me, and we walked on in silence till we reached the place, which was near by. When I had seen her safely housed in the care of the matron, I asked her her name.

"Ellen," she said, sullenly.

"Ellen what?" I asked.

"What's that to you, I'd like to know?" she asked, suspiciously.

Now, I have not the slightest idea why I said what I did just then, but the fact remains that I did say:

"Is your name Ellen Nichols?"

The woman shrank back as if she had been struck. The question seemed to sober her at once.

"How did you know that?" she gasped.

"I did not know it, I only guessed it," I answered. "I knew your husband."

"Oh, God, I ain't seen a happy day nor drawed a happy breath since I left him. Look at me," she added, lifting up her rags, and thrusting her painted face into mine, "look at me, is there anything lower?"

Sister Caroline, the matron, took her in her arms protectingly.

"Let me alone!" she shrieked, "I want to know where Jim is. Is he well? I wonder if I could see him? I suppose he'd kill me, though. I wish to God he would—" but she shuddered and shrank back as if from her own words.

"You won't see him any more, Ellen," I said softly, "you need not be afraid of him now—he is dead." She stared at me blankly. "He loved you to the end, and with his last breath, almost, asked me to tell you that he forgave you—and may God do the same."

She fainted then, and I left her and came away sick at heart. The next morning I went around to see her again. She was gone. The next day after that, when I came down to my office, the big policeman was waiting for me.

"We want you to go to the morgue, Chaplain; we think there's a body there you can identify."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"We don't surely know, but we have an idea that you will; it's a suicide, I guess."

"All right, I will be over directly," I answered. When I entered the dreary building another officer met me at the door and took me into the room.

"We picked this thing up out of the Delaware this morning," he said, drawing the cover from the sodden face, and there was all that remained of Ellen.

"Oh, frailty, thy name is woman!"

THE INDECISION OF MABEL

A Story of the Wreck of the U. S. Steamship Huron

FRANK POWELL and George Tyler were classmates and room-mates at the Naval Academy, and they loved each other like Damon and Pythias. In a certain sense they were rivals in studies. Frank was a leading competitor for the first position in his class, while George was fitfully striving to escape the lowest rank in scholarship. He used to say that looking at the class from a circular point of view they were side by side. The authorities, however, took a linear view of the situation. This sort of rivalry in scholarship was not very fierce, but when Mabel Abbott was considered, the strife was bitter.

Mabel Abbott was the daughter of the commandant of cadets. Powell had happened to see her the first day he had arrived at the Academy from the plains of Kansas, and had worshipped her from afar during his first year of service. Being a "plebe," that is, a fourth-class man, he could aspire to no social life whatever, but so soon as he had entered upon his third-class year, and had escaped from the thraldom and servitude of nursling days, he proceeded to make her acquaintance,

and for the three remaining years of his course had paid her all the attention allowed by the severe regulations circumscribing social intercourse.

Tyler had gone through a similar experience. He was from an old Virginia family and possessed every social grace the other man lacked. Though his opportunities were more limited than Powell's because his conduct usually placed him in the fourth—and lowest—grade, depriving him of even the few privileges accorded the good cadets, he was believed to have made more headway in his courtship than Powell. In spite of the fact that Tyler usually brought up the rear end of the "wooden section" of the class, and his merits had not been sufficiently appreciated to bring him even the smallest petty office, while his room-mate was the Cadet-Lieutenant-Commander of the battalion and led the "savvy" section, there was otherwise but little to choose between them.

Naturally a gentleman, four years at the Academy, and especially his intimacy with Tyler, had more than compensated for the deficiencies of primitive training—or lack of it, rather—in the Kansas boy, and he had become altogether a straightforward, manly, gallant, accomplished young officer. Tyler had ability enough, but an invincible objection to study, and a resolute determination to trifle had kept him back. Indeed, had it not been for the generous assistance of his

room-mate he would probably have "bilged" long since and have been forced to leave the Academy in disgrace.

Both boys were without means of any sort, yet Powell invariably divided the monthly dollar he was allowed to draw from his salary for spending money in consideration of his being in the first conduct grade, with Tyler, who never drew anything, because he was habitually in the fourth. The two men played right and left guard, respectively, on the Academy foot-ball team, and it was difficult to tell whether it was the black hair of Tyler or the blond hair of Powell which was oftener seen breaking through the opposing line. In shooting, swimming, dancing, rowing, practical seamanship, it was hard to say which excelled, while in general goodness of heart and popularity with the rest of their class it was difficult to decide which bore the palm. Although public opinion—which discussed the love-affairs of a class-mate with the same frankness with which it borrowed his collars, or socks, or any other article of wearing apparel—slightly favored Tyler's chances with Miss Abbott, no one could really tell what the decision would be.

The young lady herself was equally undetermined. Sometimes she thought she preferred Tyler, especially when he passed her marching gloomily to the *Santee*—the prison-ship of the Academy—to pay up for some boyish prank by a

period of confinement, solitary or otherwise in proportion of the gravity of the offence; then again, when she saw Powell gallantly handling the battalion, when she heard his clear voice ringing out over the parade-ground in a sharp succession of rapid commands, her heart turned to the West. Betwixt West and South, in fact, she had rather a happy time.

The weary days of tutelage for the two men, however, were about over. The day before the June graduation the battalion assembled at dinner formation heard an order read out assigning to his old quarters on the *Santee* Cadet-Midshipman Tyler of the first class, the offence for which this punishment was meted out being the harmless smoking of a cigarette, harmless from the cadet point of view, that is—again the authorities differed! Tyler was to be kept there until after the graduation exercises, and it was more than intimated that he might consider himself fortunate in view of numerous peccadilloes—of which this was the culmination—to be allowed to graduate at all!

Tyler felt it a great deprivation not to receive his diploma with his class-mates; not to be permitted to attend the graduation ball, to be debarred from participating in the class-supper which wound up the four years' course, and to be handed his diploma after everyone had gone; to spend those happy days in durance on that hate-

ful old frigate, but there was no help for it, and as the superintendent said, looking at him from under his gray eyebrows, he was lucky the punishment was no worse.

Powell and Tyler had a few moments' conversation in their room while the latter was packing preparatory to his march to the *Santee*.

"I tell you what it is, George," said Powell, sympathetically, "I am awfully sorry for you, old man. You know we had agreed to ask Miss Abbott—Mabel, that is—which one of us she would take after the graduation. We are both of us turned twenty-one, and we don't either of us want to go away for two years without having this thing settled, but I'll play fair, old fellow. I won't say a word to her until you get out."

"Frank," replied Tyler, promptly and with energy, "I had no business to smoke that infernal cigarette, I did not want it anyway. I only did it to devil the officer in charge, but I intend to hold you to that agreement. We have talked it all over together and we both agreed to ask her at the annual ball. We drew straws for it in this room and you got the first chance. I'll never speak to you again if you don't keep to this arrangement. Our friendship will end right here unless you give me your word of honor to carry out your part of the programme. You ask her, and if she takes you I shall have nothing more to

say—except that she has chosen the better man of the two."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Powell, in genuine admiration for the other's pluck. "You are a hero; that's what you are, George, and I won't do it."

They argued the question vehemently for a few moments, until the orderly tapped at the door with the "compliments of the officer in charge, and it was time for Mr. Tyler to start for the *Santee*." Tyler declared he would not budge until Powell promised him, and Powell at last reluctantly did so.

"It does not make any difference," said the latter. "She won't have me anyway."

"She will, if she's wise and wants the better man," answered Tyler, gravely, trying to stifle the hope in his heart that his friend might be right.

Well, the graduation exercises were a great success. Powell, looking very handsome, headed the battalion, received the first diploma, was complimented by the Secretary of the Navy, and was altogether the hero of the occasion. Poor Tyler was on the *Santee*, and that night Mabel forgot him. Powell led her out of the old fort where the ball was held, and they strolled under the moonlight down to the old mortar on the sea-wall. There he told her the story of his four years' devotion, and there she gave him her hand; and yet,

somehow, she was not quite sure that her heart had gone with it, after all.

Three days later Tyler received his diploma and was allowed to leave. He found that Powell had been ordered immediately to the United States ship *Huron*, which had gone on a cruise, and that he himself had been granted a leave of absence. He had seen Mabel Abbott at the first opportunity, and had learned from her that Powell's wooing had been successful. Concealing his disappointment as best he could, he congratulated her, and wishing his friend much happiness when he wrote him, he had gone away to stifle the pain in his heart. What he did not learn from Mabel, however, was that she was more undecided than ever as to whether she had chosen the right man or not. In fact, as she watched Tyler walk down Lover's Lane after that last parting, she was quite sure that she had made a mistake. How to remedy it she knew not.

Powell wrote her glowing and affectionate letters from every port, which she answered as best she could. She had thoughtlessly consented to write to Tyler also, and the double correspondence was humorous enough. She strove to put in one series of letters an affection which she labored to keep out of the other, and in neither case was she successful; for Powell read between the lines and missed the beating of a heart, and Tyler, in spite of himself, detected the love-touch in the casual

pages of each letter. The one hoped against hope, the other strove against love.

Chance in the shape of orders from the Navy Department brought Tyler to the *Huron* in November after graduation, and the two friends were together again. It was late in the month, and the *Huron* was just starting south on a cruise. The last batch of letters from the shore was brought in and distributed by Powell, who happened to be the midshipman of the watch at the time. As he examined and sorted the mail he was astonished to find one for Tyler in Mabel's handwriting. He would have been more astonished if he had known that, at the last moment, her affection for Tyler had overflowed the slender barrier of her previous engagement, and that his love for her had broken through the embankment of friendship, and both had united in a wave of passionate devotion. The pages of that letter—an answer to one of his own similar in character—fairly teemed with it. Having been repressed so long, it was the more overwhelming when it did break forth. Yet the inevitable end, a broken engagement with Powell, and a newly plighted troth with Tyler, seemed far from the designs of both the young people. They appeared to think there was nothing left for them but to carry on the existing arrangement of affairs and suffer in silence—no, not in silence, in letters.

"You know that I could not help seeing your

letter was from Mabel, old man," said Powell, as he handed the letter to his friend.

"Yes—yes," answered Tyler, in confusion, blushing guiltily at the same time.

"You knew she was engaged to me?" asked the other.

"Yes—certainly—of course—I—we——"

"Oh, it's all right, I have no doubt, her writing to you," responded Powell, turning away.

A little estrangement sprang up between the two men, and during the day's run down the bay and out to the ocean they kept away from each other. Tyler was full of remorse, Powell was consumed with jealousy. When the night-watches were set and Powell began to pace the lee side of the quarter-deck in the first watch his friend continued his avoidance of him, and shortly went below and turned in, without saying good-night. He did not sleep, however; he was too miserable. Before the lights were turned out he read and reread Mabel's passionate letter with mingled feelings of joy and remorse, and when darkness prevented his reading it again he thought it all over, and could see no way out of it. Honor and love, a friend and a woman, stood in the balance, and for the life of him he could not choose.

It was an unusually wakeful watch, too, that Powell stood on the deck above. Unable to sleep when he was relieved at eight bells, midnight, he went forward on the topgallant forecastle and

stood by the rail, peering gloomily out in the darkness ahead. His position was slightly less miserable than Tyler's, for it only involved the loss of love—his honor was not at stake.

It was a wild, fearful night; the wind was blowing a half gale toward the shore, and the frigate was pitching and rolling tremendously. She was under low steam and shortened sail, easy canvas, close-hauled on the port tack, and the quartermaster at the wheel was keeping his luff so well that the weather leeches of the topsails were lifting and shaking all the time. Currituck Light, from which the bearings had last been taken, had long since been lost sight of. Nothing was visible ahead or to starboard; the air, thick with fog and mist, was absolutely impenetrable. They were proceeding cautiously, stopping every hour to take a cast at the lead, for the coast under their lee—off Cape Hatteras—was among the most dangerous in the world.

The navigator and captain, who were both vigilantly on watch, thought they were far out to sea, but it happened that night a strong westerly current was making inshore, and owing to the fog, which prevented them from seeing the lights, and the heavy gale blowing, and a slight deviation of the compass, a little after two bells in the mid-watch, or one o'clock in the morning, the ship struck with tremendous impact upon the shore. All hands were on deck and at their stations in an

instant. The gale had increased until it was blowing with terrific force. Again and again by the wild onset of the rising tempest the ship was lifted up and thrown down bodily upon the sand. Everything was done, the masts were cut away, the engines were backed until the rising water put out the fires, but nothing availed. There she stayed, the huge breakers beating upon her in wild fury. Driven high upon the sand, the ship finally bilged with the rising tide and began to go to pieces.

The officers and men at their stations had done their duty coolly and with perfect order and discipline. But the captain and several of the officers had been washed away, and there was nothing left for anyone to do but to cling to the wreck and hope. All the port boats had been stove in before they could be manned and lowered; those to starboard were soon carried away. Unavailing attempts to get a line ashore were made. Indeed, no one was quite sure in which direction the shore lay in the thick darkness about them. One by one the chilled, exhausted men gave up, lost their hold, dropped into the sea and disappeared in the whirling blackness of the water. The current seemed to have changed somewhat, and those who were washed off the wreck were apparently carried out to sea.

So the hours wore away. Presently the after part of the frigate was beaten to pieces. A hud-

dle of men were left crowded together on the top-gallant forecastle, among them Powell and Tyler. They clung to the wreck slowly breaking beneath them through the long night. They saw one after another of their comrades and shipmates carried away. The ship was heeled at an angle of forty degrees and the foothold was precarious. Toward morning Powell, endeavoring to move to a higher portion of the forecastle, slipped and fell into the sea. He seemed to have hit a piece of the wreck as he reached the water, for, although he was a fine swimmer, he struck out but feebly. Throwing aside the blanket in which he was wrapped, Tyler instantly leaped into the sea after him.

He was by his side in a moment and caught him by the arm to support him. A small life-buoy, by happy chance, was floating close at hand, and Tyler, guiding his companion toward it, placed his hand upon it. The water had revived Powell, and presently he came to himself. As he did so, he realized what had happened. His friend had saved him. Tyler was swimming alongside of him, and the current was apparently carrying them out to sea. He was desperately injured and unable to swim. They were already far away from the wreck of the ship.

"Thank you, old man," he whispered.

"It's all right," answered Tyler, briefly, both men saving their breath for the struggle before them. They drifted on in the gray dark-

ness for a while, until Powell broke the silence again.

"We are going out to sea."

"Yes."

"You are nearly used up," he added, looking at his friend swimming at his side.

"Oh, I'm all right," answered Tyler, shortly.

"Take hold of this life-buoy," said Powell, presently.

"It won't hold two, you keep it. I can swim." There was another pause. Tyler was striving with fast-waning strength to keep afloat and to resist the horrible temptation to clutch the life-buoy at all hazards.

"George," said Powell, at last, "it seems to me that we are both done for. Tell me, in the presence of death and for God's sake, tell me true, that letter—Mabel—she loves you?"

Tyler hesitated. He was very faint and exhausted from the continued exertion of his long swim after the heart-breaking experiences of the night. He would have given the world not to tell but he lacked the strength to refuse, and in that hour when both looked death in the face there was room for nothing but the truth.

"Tell me the truth, if you love me, old man," continued Powell.

"Yes," panted Tyler, white-faced and struggling, "she loves me. My fault—I could not help it. Forgive her."

"It's all right," answered Powell. "She could not help it, either. I forgive you both. She's got the better man. Tell her I loved her to the end."

"What are you doing?" cried Tyler, excitement and wonder supplementing his failing strength.

"One must go. I'm done for, anyway. Good-by. Take the buoy." Powell gave it a gentle shove toward his exhausted companion. He threw up his hands, smiling gently, and sank beneath the sea.

With the instinct of the drowning, Tyler clung to the buoy, peering down into the blackness with straining eyes as if to pierce the very depths of the water for another sight of his lost companion. Powell did not rise to the surface.

An hour after a turn of the current washed Tyler to the shore. He crawled up on the sand and lay there panting and exhausted. When morning broke he started down the beach seeking assistance and looking for his comrades. There were but four officers and a few men saved from the wreck. These he gathered up as he walked along. As near as he could judge, opposite the place where Powell had given him the life-buoy, he found his body lying face downward in the sand, cast there by the tide or the current. When they turned him over, Tyler saw that his lips were set in the same smile that they had worn when he had sunk into the sea.

When he told Mabel Abbott of the self-sacrifice of his friend, the torturing indecision came back to her heart once more, and though she said nothing about it, she was not at all sure but that, after all, she had loved Powell instead of his friend.

But she married George Tyler just the same.

THE SECRET OF THE LETTER

A Story of the Loss of the Monitor Tecumseh

I

"*Cora, you have ruined me!*"

It was not a pleasant phrase, and the more it stared Miss Cora Summerfield in the face in the bold black chirography of Frederick Barton, Chief Engineer in the United States Navy, the more unpleasant it seemed. There were other sentences in the letter, which was a furious protestation ending with this bitter phrase, called forth by the final rejection of Barton's suit by the woman who had coquetted with him for three years before she had thrown him over. The intimacy of that long period had permitted her so to know the man that she realized the essential accuracy of the grim assertion. That the statement was true but intensified her disquiet.

Just before he was ordered South to be chief engineer of the monitor *Tecumseh* he had made a final and peremptory appeal to her. The perilous nature of his future service demanded that she come to some decision. When she had rejected his insistent demand for a definite engagement by

letter, she had received this answer. She had begun the sport of playing with this man's heart thoughtlessly, and had continued it because she had found it difficult to release him. Now, that she had definitely done so, she was by no means satisfied with herself. She was not at all sure that she did not love him, in fact, she was quite sure that she did, but whether she loved him more than she loved her freedom, her position as an acknowledged belle in that exclusive society to which her birth and education and her mother's wealth admitted her, was a grave question. The longer she considered the answer she had made, the more unsettled she became.

Womanlike—and manlike, too—there was a "P. S." to Barton's bitter reproach. He had ventured upon a further and a last appeal to her heart. That, and the reproach, were battering upon her defences. The question she had thought settled still rose before her, and, in wretched indecision, she reviewed the situation. Like many another mortal so circumstanced, she resolved to leave the determination of the issue to the god of chance.

Having come to this decision she rapidly drew her writing materials before her and scribbled off two notes. In one, in the briefest terms, she insisted upon her rejection. In the other, which was equally concise, she bade him come to her when he returned and claim her if he would. She thrust

the two notes into two exactly similar envelopes and directed each of them to Chief Engineer Frederick Barton, U. S. N., care of Admiral Farragut's Western Gulf Blockading Squadron off Mobile Bay. Having completed these tasks, she rang for her maid. When the latter appeared she handed her the two letters and told her to burn one of them and mail the other.

"Which one shall I burn, Miss Cora?" asked the surprised servant.

"Either one," directed her mistress. "Put one of them in the fire there."

She turned her head away as the mystified maid carried out her orders, lest she should see which letter was destroyed; though, indeed, she could scarcely have detected which one stayed at home and which one went on its way. Thereafter she waited with growing impatience for a reply—or the absence of one—which would determine whether she was to become in the future Mrs. Frederick Barton, or remain, until some more favored suitor appeared, Miss Cora Summerfield.

Having left the affair to the god of chance, she immediately determined her preference in her own mind—which is ever the human way. The time dragged by on leaden feet.

II

It was ghastly hot in the engine-room of the *Tecumseh*, and hotter still in the fire-room adjoining it. The firemen and coal-heavers nearly fainted between the awful temperature and the tremendous labor involved in keeping up steam on the monitor. Every hatch was battened down, and every outlet, save a single ventilator, rigidly closed and secured. Of fresh air there was none. It was stifling in those bowels of the ship below the water-line. Barton himself stood at the throttle of the mighty engine, the rest of his force disposed around him at their battle stations.

Since early morning they had been running ahead under low steam. It was perfectly well known to all of them that Admiral Farragut intended to force the passage of Mobile Bay and that the *Tecumseh* was to lead the fleet into the torpedo-strewn channel. When the orders were issued they had exulted at the honor bestowed upon them, and had given little thought to the almost certain destruction which lay before them.

The captain, and the pilot in the pilot-house, and the men in the turret on deck, caught glimpses now and then of the shore as the long line of monitors and ships rushed up the harbor. Ever and anon puffs of the tropic air of the hot August

morning were driven in through the port holes and afforded them some slight relief, but the men below felt nothing, saw nothing, knew nothing, heard nothing but the rattle of the slicer bars in the fires, the crash of the buckets of coal emptied into the furnaces, the grind and clank and whir of the mighty engines. Most of them were half naked, perspiration streaming off their dust-begrimed bodies. The tension was almost unbearable, and it was a great relief to all of them when, about seven o'clock in the morning, the ship quivered from turret to keelson and the roar of two great fifteen-inch guns above them told them that they were within striking distance. On the face of the water pandemonium broke loose. The heavy guns of the ships' broadsides, punctuated by the deeper detonations of the giants of the monitors as they exchanged streams of shot and shell with the guns of Fort Morgan, covered the water with a diapason of sound which echoed and reverberated in the gloomy recesses of the ironclad.

Then, as never before, the engineers looked to the engines. Barton himself went to the turret engine. The safety of all depended upon them. Should there be a check, a stop, a break-down, the whole line would be halted under the guns of Fort Morgan, and for the wooden ships to stand still would be simply courting destruction by the delay. Everything worked smoothly, however.

Not for nothing had Barton gone over the engines with his own hand. Not a shaft, not a valve, not a bearing under his eagle eye played him false. The huge turret turned as easily as a child's toy, and again and again the huge shells were hurled upon the enemy.

So the minutes wore away and with them came back suspense again. The ears of the men became accustomed to the roar of the cannonade, and anticipation busied itself with thoughts of what the next act in the mighty drama would be. There was an interval of silence above. The practised men below were conscious that the ship was turning quickly to port. Although they never knew it, the *Tecumseh* was heading straight for the *Tennessee*.

Then came the catastrophe with a suddenness that was appalling. Without a moment's warning the whole bow of the ship was lifted into the air. There was another deadlier deafening roar under their feet. The shattered timbers and armor-plate forward were driven in as if they had been struck by a gigantic hammer; water poured into the engine-room, dashed around the feet of the startled engineers, rose to their waists in an instant and flooded the fire-rooms. The red-hot boilers exploded with crashing detonations, the ship was a total wreck in thirty seconds. Like a piece of old iron she plunged beneath the water. With his right hand instinctively clutching the

useless lever of the engine, Barton stood at his post. As the boat sank he tore open the front of his jacket, drew forth from the pocket over his heart a letter which he had received the night before, lifted it with clinched hand before his face —and was gone.

III

On the 6th of August, with millions of people the world over, but with emotions peculiarly her own, Miss Cora Summerfield read the despatches announcing Farragut's magnificent dash into Mobile Bay and the awful story of the loss of the *Tecumseh*, blown up by a torpedo. A few days after the battle divers examining the wreck brought to the surface the body of the chief engineer. In his hand was an open piece of paper, evidently a letter.

When the body of the engineer was brought home Miss Summerfield went to the bereaved mother, told her story, asked for and received the water-stained piece of paper. It was her own letter! With eager hands she unfolded it. Alas, the water had rendered the message undecipherable!

To the day of her death she did not know whether she had accepted or rejected him. Of one thing alone had she a bitter certainty—too late she realized that she loved the dead hero

with all her heart and soul, and she would have given years of her life to have been able to tell him so, or, failing that, to settle the question as to what her answer had been—to divine the secret of the washed-out letter in the dead man's hand.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW

The Story of a Shipwreck in the Pacific

I

THE United States ship *Sanilac*, under the charge of Lieutenant Commander Montmorency Gerard, had been engaged for a year or two past in a rather desultory scientific and surveying expedition in the South Pacific Ocean, and on the night of the 10th of June, in the year of our Lord 1871, she was homeward bound. From a sloop trading among the islands of the South Seas, Captain Gerard had received information of certain shipwrecked American sailors in great destitution on Midway Island, a lonely, desolate little spot of sand, sunning itself under the equator, and protected from the persistent attack of the great ocean by an encircling belt of jagged coral reef, over which the surf broke in mighty surges.

Like all true seamen, who make the saving of life upon the sea the first object of their endeavor, Captain Gerard had altered his course sufficiently to enable him to make the island and rescue the castaways. As the island was thought to be near,

and the seas were dangerous in the extreme, the *Sanilac*, under low steam and short canvas, was proceeding warily upon her way. At four bells in the mid watch, the officer of the deck, Lieutenant William Harland, who, for better observation, had chosen to stand his watch on the forecastle rather than the quarter-deck, thought he heard the roar of a breaker above the throb of the engines, the beat of the screw, and the sigh of the tropic breeze, which seemed to have strengthened somewhat as it sang through the top hamper.

It was impossible to see anything, the night being pitch dark except for the glory of the Southern stars; but, like a prudent officer, Lieutenant Harland immediately ordered the engines stopped, the captain notified, and the other watch called. The deck was soon filled with men eagerly seeking their appointed stations, and the captain and Lieutenant Harland consulted together. No one else had heard the supposed breaker, no one could hear it now, and, as, by the patent log and a most carefully computed dead reckoning, they were still several leagues from the threatening island, they decided to go ahead once more. So the engines resumed their motion, and the *Sanilac* slowly gathered way and stood on her course. The watch off was piped down, and those of the crew not on lookout disposed themselves in slumber. The captain remained a few moments on the forecastle, talking with his officer.

"I think you were mistaken, Harland. Depend on it, we shall have to make ten miles more southing before we hit that reef."

"Perhaps I was, sir," responded the lieutenant, blushing a little in the darkness. "I dare say I am over-anxious, but when a fellow's homeward bound and his sweetheart has the other end of the tow rope, he wants to get there safe and sound, you know."

The captain laughed. "Yes, I know," he said. "There are hands holding my tow rope, too—and some of them are baby hands," he added softly in the darkness of the night, which seemed to make both men a little more communicative than was usual.

"Ah, Captain, but I only met Miss Wood a month before we left San Francisco, and I've had only four short letters since then, and——"

"And you became engaged only the day you sailed, I believe," interrupted the captain, still smiling. "Well, I shall go aft, I think," he continued, after a long pause. "No, I will not leave the deck. Do you stay here. Cat-heads there," he called sharply to the men on either side of the bows, peering eagerly and insistently forward through the darkness, "keep a good lookout ahead!"

"Aye, aye, sir," rang out promptly from both the sailors.

"I shall send two of the after guards to the

gangways as well," he continued. "Have you a man aloft?"

"Yes, sir; ever since I came on watch," answered Harland.

"Ah, that's well. It's nothing he can see, but perhaps he can hear better than we on deck. Well, good——"

"Sir, I hear something," cried one of the lookouts, suddenly. "There!"—pointing. "Listen! Crash! Don't you hear it, sirs? Almighty God, it's the breakers! Breakers on the starboard bow!" he shouted.

"Breakers ahead!" came down a wild hail from the masthead at the same moment.

"I see 'em, too—breakers on the port bow!" screamed the other lookout, hoarsely.

"Call all hands," shouted the captain, promptly and coolly. "Lively! Stop the engines. In with the topsails, Mr. Harland. Lead along the clew lines, men; jump for your lives. Back her, back her hard. Shift the helm there; over with it. Hard-a-starboard. Hands by the starboard anchor," came the orders in rapid succession, as the disciplined men sprang to their stations; but the little ship seemed to have been caught in some sort of a treacherous current, which, without warning, had carried her out of her course, and now, in spite of all they could do, she rapidly drifted down upon the reef, over which the waves were breaking tremendously, until, with a long,

shuddering crash, she struck, lifted half over the reef, struck again, settled down, bilged, and lay with the whole Pacific Ocean beating and thundering on her beam ends, her human cargo paralyzed and impotent before the mighty force in whose hands the *Sanilac* was but a toy, a plaything!

In a short time, however, mind asserted its sway over matter, and discipline and order triumphed over chaos and destruction. The one hundred and twenty-five souls on the *Sanilac*, under the skilful leadership of the captain, ably seconded by his officers, were all safely transported over the intervening space of smooth water within the projecting circle of the reef and landed upon the sandy islet, joining those previously wrecked upon the island. When the morning broke they took account of their situation. There was but little water and scant vegetation on the island, the ship was fast breaking up before their eyes, and they had saved but little provision before she disappeared. There was but one conclusion: unless help came from outside sources, they would all inevitably perish from starvation or thirst. They might manage to exist, by husbanding their resources with the greatest care, for two months at the farthest. After that—God help them!

There was but one thing to be done. Captain Gerard mustered the crew and called for volunteers to man the whale-boat, the only one saved

from the wreck which was seaworthy, and carry the news of their plight to the nearest land from which they might hope for succor, the Sandwich Islands, lying three thousand miles off to the northeast. From the many volunteers who presented themselves, Lieutenant Harland and four seamen were chosen. They partly decked the boat over, raised the gunwales some six or eight inches, provisioned her as generously as their scanty stores allowed, gave her the only compass and the only sextant they had saved, and then, with a prayer to the God of the castaway, they launched the little vessel and watched it as it sped away through a narrow pass in the reef; watched it until it disappeared, a tiny speck of humanity upon the great encircling deep of God. And then they waited through the long and weary days.

II

Miss Elizabeth Wood and Mr. Arthur Deane were walking together one warm evening about the last of July upon the great, smooth stretch of shining sand bordering the sea in Hanalei Bay, in the Island of Kauai, the most northern of the Hawaiian group. Back of them, in the centre of the island, towered the great basaltic mountain of Waialele. Its sides lower down rolling and spreading into deep valleys and covered with the luxuriant verdure of the tropics formed an enchanting

background for the great expanse of glittering sand and sparkling sea before them; they were far enough from the shore to make the roar of the breakers, which began away out at Haena Point and seemed to keep increasing in size until they fell in tremendous onslaught upon the sandy beach, rather a pleasant music than otherwise.

Lying snug at anchor in a sheltered cove of the bay were two vessels, the United States steam sloop of war *Jamestown*, Captain Charles Wood, U. S. N., and the steam yacht *Southern Cross*, owned by Mr. Pusey, of San Francisco, in which Miss Elizabeth Wood, daughter of Captain Charles Wood aforesaid, was a guest and a passenger. All the young officers of the *Jamestown* were in love with Elizabeth Wood, and Lieutenant Deane, the most favored of them all, was improving a rare and unexpected hour of undisturbed companionship to plead his own cause.

"Oh, please, Mr. Deane," said Elizabeth, "don't say anything more about it. I can't. You know I am already engaged, and I——"

"But you don't say, you won't say, you don't love me, Elizabeth," responded Deane. "If you could say that, I wouldn't say another word; I'd just go and leave you; but you cannot say it."

"I can," she replied, promptly.

"You cannot—that is, not truthfully," he replied. "I adore you, Elizabeth, and last night when I kissed you, out there by the palm-tree on

the point— Oh, Bess, don't ruin my life for a quixotic scruple. You know you love me."

"I do not," she responded, promptly.

"Do not what? Do not love me?" he asked, sternly.

"Do not know I do," she responded, rather lamely, looking down at her feet.

"There," he replied, triumphantly, "you see you do. Now, what's the sense in your letting an engagement to a fellow you met two years ago, and only knew a month, and whom you don't love, prevent our being happy? It isn't right, and it isn't just to yourself, or to me. I've loved you ever since I've known you, for a year, and I'll love you forever. I simply cannot live without you. Say yes, Bess dear, and write him it's over. Who and where is he, anyway?"

"His name is William Harland, and he is a lieutenant on the *Sanilac*. She has been in the South Pacific since I—since we——"

"I dare say he's forgotten you by this time, anyway," he interrupted.

"No, he has not. You should see his letters."

"I don't want to see them," he returned, savagely. "I dare say he's flirting around with some South Sea Island girl now."

"Arthur, this is unworthy of you," she replied, quietly.

"I know it, Elizabeth," he answered, contritely, "and I've always heard he was a good fellow and

all that, but if you don't love him, you don't—do you? No! Well, then, I should advise you to give him up, like a true woman, and take me."

"Oh, Arthur, would I be a true woman if I did? It does not seem fair. I've had such letters from him, and he's so devoted to me, I can't bear to jilt him."

"Of course he's devoted to you. He couldn't help it. I can understand that perfectly," interrupted Deane, softly and jealously.

"And I really thought I loved him, you know, and he was in such a hurry, and now what can I do? It does not seem honorable. I am not a coquette, really."

"Honorable?" said Deane, flushing. "Is there anything dishonorable in finding out one has made a mistake? But if you think that, Miss Wood, I shall say no more." He turned away with a grave bow.

"Stop, Arthur!" she cried, impulsively. "You must not go away like this. You know I love you. Yes, I'll break it off. Poor Mr. Harland!"

Deane caught her in his arms under the shade of the trees. "Bless you for that, Bess," he said; "you shall never repent it."

"Stop, stop, Arthur!" But Arthur did not stop until, with a sudden cry, she interrupted him. "Oh, what is that?" she said, excitedly.

"Where?"

"There!" She pointed far out to sea. Follow-

ing her outstretched arm with his keen and practised vision, he saw a boat with a small triangular sail on a mast topped by a streaming flag forward, rapidly speeding toward the shore, now riding, now disappearing in the heavy sea.

The men in the boat evidently were not familiar with the treacherous bay, else they would never have attempted to beach the boat under such circumstances. Indeed, there was hardly a safe landing-place anywhere for a boat under the prevailing conditions of wind and weather, except the cove where the *Jamestown* lay, and that was far off and impracticable for the whale-boat.

The wind was increasing and blowing hard straight on shore. The men could see the breakers, though of course viewing them from seaward with the wind blowing from them they misjudged their power. It was evident they were in sore straits or they would not have attempted to make a landing. Though, indeed, once well in the bay, in the face of such a wind and sea it would have been wellnigh impossible to beat out. They must have realized that they were taking desperate chances, yet they held on. In fact, they were starving for lack of food, dying from thirst, broken from exposure, wild with anxiety to tell their story. Recklessly they drove toward the shore.

"It's a boat," cried Deane, excitedly—"a ship's whale-boat. See, the flag is union down! They're in trouble, and they'll be in worse trouble in a few

minutes. They don't know the danger. They are heading straight for the breakers. Oh, if I could only warn them! There goes a gun from the *Jamestown*. By Heaven, she's well handled, though! The man's a seaman, every inch of him; but it's no use; he does not know the harbor. There goes the *Jamestown's* second cutter. It will be too late. Come, Bess, let us run toward the beach; we may save someone when she gets in the breakers."

Hand in hand they raced over the sand to the very edge of the shore; wet with spray, they watched the whale-boat, the water rolling and curling over the sands about their feet.

"There, she's gone! No—again—he has her still! Splendid, splendid!" cried the young officer.

"Oh, Arthur, isn't it awful?"

"Oh, God, she broaches to! The mast goes; there, she's over at last! God help them now!"

It was over in the twinkling of an eye. The little boat capsized; five heads struggled near her; then, one by one, they sank and disappeared, except that of one man, who weakly clung to the prow of the capsized boat. As he struggled to climb upon the keel, the boat suddenly rose in the air and seemed to come down upon him viciously, like a raging animal; for when it rose again they did not see him.

"Oh, there is someone, Arthur!" screamed

Elizabeth. "Just where that wave is breaking—do you see him? There! There!"

The young man ran recklessly out in the water at the imminent risk of his own life, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in bringing a bit of human flotsam to the shore. It was a man, gaunt and haggard and weather-beaten, dressed in what had been once a uniform. There was a frightful gash across his forehead and down his right cheek, from which the blood was oozing; he was still breathing, and Deane carried him farther up on the beach, and laid him down upon the warm, dry sand. Elizabeth knelt beside him, and endeavored to stanch the flow of blood, while Deane ran to get some water in his cap from a nearby spring. They poured some water and a little whiskey from Deane's flask down his throat —and watched him. There was something familiar to the girl in his face; who was he?

"Will he die, Arthur?" she said.

"I fear so," he answered. "I see the *Jamestown's* cutter pulling for the cove on the other side; I hope they'll have a doctor with them."

At this moment the man opened his eyes.

"Bess—you?" he said in a whisper full of surprise, and then she knew him, in spite of his beard and the deep lines traced by exposure and starvation in his face.

"Why, Mr. Harland! Will! Oh, my God! How came you here?" she cried.

Deane turned pale, but dropped upon his knees beside the other in obedience to a gesture from the apparently dying man.

"You're an officer, I see," he said, faintly.

"Lieutenant Deane of the *Jamestown*," interrupted Elizabeth.

"Yes, I saw the flag, God bless it. I'm from the *Sanilac*—Harland, you know. We were wrecked on Midway Island," he went on, slowly. "All saved—no water, no provisions—we came here to tell the story—you must go back and get them. Don't forget." His voice died away, but they gave him more water and whiskey, and after a long pause he spoke again. He had managed to get hold of Elizabeth's hand meanwhile.

"Oh, Bess, this is a reward for it all! Forty days we have sat in that little drifting boat; first the provisions gave out, then the water; contrary winds kept us back, and the men got sick—are they all gone now? Ah, well, they died like sailors! I thought of you every hour. There's no one else to mourn for me. I had only you. No, don't go, Mr. Deane—I shall be slipping my cable presently. Your love has been so much to me, Bessie. Open my jacket—there in the pocket—your letters—only four. How I have read them, over and over! They're almost worn out, but they'll last until I'm in the harbor. I've been so proud and confident in your love. I saw you two and knew one of you was a woman, just before we

got into the breakers, and I could not die without telling my message. But I never dreamed it was you, Bess. I tried to climb into the boat by the stem after she went over, but she rose up and hit me here in the face, and I thought it was over. Who brought me in? You? Oh, thank you, sir, and God bless you; you brought me to my sweetheart's feet. I can say once more before I go, 'I love you, Bess,' and hear once more from you the words you told me that summer night as we looked out toward the Golden Gate together. Say it, Bess." He spoke in a low whisper, brokenly, and with long intervals of silence, while he gazed upon her.

"I love you, Will," whispered the girl, her face white and drawn, the tears streaming from her eyes. The dying man smiled up at her.

"Kiss me, Bess," he said, faintly, and his eyes closed.

Deane got up and walked away. In a few minutes Elizabeth's choking voice called him back. Harland was lying still and motionless on the sand—and the engagement was broken. Deane drew near to her and put out his hand, but she turned away weeping, and buried her face in her hands. Just then the chaplain of the ship and an ensign, who had been strolling together, came down to the beach from the woodland. They saw the little party and ran toward it. A few words from Deane put them in possession of the facts.

"It's Harland of the *Sanilac*," said Deane, sadly. "She was wrecked on Midway Island. We are to go for the rest down there. Harland and four others came up here in a whale-boat to tell the story."

"'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends,'" said the chaplain, solemnly.

"And Miss Wood?" added the ensign, looking toward Elizabeth, who sat a little way off, resting her face on her hand and gazing steadily out to sea.

"She was—had been engaged to him," said Deane, sternly.

"Poor boy!" said the chaplain, softly, looking from Harland to Deane in full appreciation of it all.

Just then the *Jamestown's* boat grated on the sand, and the doctor leaped out and ran forward.

"What's all this?" he asked, kneeling down by the prostrate form.

"It's Lieutenant Harland of the *Sanilac*," answered the chaplain. "He's dead, and——"

"Nonsense!" cried the doctor. "He's not dead at all—though I'll admit he's mighty near slipping his cable. We'll take him to the ship and fix him up all right, I think. Hand me that medicine-chest there. Lively now."

At the doctor's words Elizabeth had sprung to her feet with a wild cry, a strange look in her

face. What did she mean by that look and cry, was the question in Deane's jealous, anguished heart?

Well, they took Harland off to the ship, and landed him at Honolulu, and then the *Jamestown* steamed down to Midway Island and brought all the survivors of the *Sanilac*, and the other shipwrecked people, in safety back to the United States, whither the *Southern Cross* had long since preceded them.

III

One evening in September of the same year, Lieutenant Arthur Deane, that moment landed from the *Jamestown*, overtook a rather feeble-looking man while walking along the street toward the residence of Miss Elizabeth Wood; there was something familiar in the man's appearance, he thought, as he glanced at him when he passed, something suggestive; he strove to recall him. A seafaring man evidently; who was he? But the recognition came from the other person.

"Deane! Deane!" cried the man, holding out his hand. "Don't you know me? You pulled me out of a nasty hole a while ago. I'm Harland, of the——"

"Why, of course," said Deane, smiling. "How stupid of me not to have recognized you! But your having no beard makes such a change. I'm glad to see you. How are you?"

"Oh, getting along nicely, thank you; not quite myself yet, but soon will be, I think."

"I'm rejoiced to hear it. Where are you bound for?"

"I'm going to see my betrothed, Miss Wood. I've just landed from Hawaii this morning on the *China;* got in the same time you did, in fact. I haven't seen her since that day on the sand."

"Look here, Harland," said Deane, abruptly, "I've got something to tell you; it isn't fair to keep it any longer. I don't know whether she's your girl or mine. She had half way promised herself to me—I did not know anything about you then, you see—that very day I pulled—when you drifted down upon us, I mean. And I have not seen her since that day either. I'm going up to her house now, to find out what she thinks about it."

There was a long silence. Harland, a little whiter than before, leaned against the fence, striving to recover himself, while Deane stared moodily at the ground at his feet.

"Thank you for your frankness, old man," said Harland, at last. "You could not help it, of course; no one could help loving her. I don't blame her either," he continued, softly. "But I can't quite believe it; you see, she told me again that she loved me there on the sand. Perhaps—well, we will go and see her together, ask her to make her choice, and——"

"But at least we shall be friends whatever happens, shall we not?" cried Deane, eagerly, extending his hand, which the other promptly grasped, replying:

"Certainly; I owe you too much ever to forget you."

Arm in arm the two quixotic gentlemen mounted the steps and rang the bell of Elizabeth's house. When the two cards were placed in that young lady's hands, she had her bad quarter of an hour. But during the intervening days she had thought deeply on the subject, and when she entered the parlor, a short time afterward, her mind was made up; she had arrived at a decision, and only awaited the inevitable question before proclaiming it.

Five minutes later the street door opened and one of the men came out of it and walked slowly down the street. The other within the parlor held a blushing maiden in his arms! One happy, the other sad. So runs the world away!

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